

*Printed by S. Simmons*

Paradise Lost.  
A  
POEM  
IN  
TWELVE BOOKS.

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The Author  
*JOHN MILTON.*

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The Second Edition  
Revised and Augmented by the  
same Author.

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IN  
Paradisum Amissam

Summi Poetæ

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

**Q**Uæ legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni  
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?  
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum;  
Et facta, & fines continet iste liber.

*Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,*

*Scribitur & toto quicquid in Orbe latet.*

*Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum*

*Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomamque specus.*

*Quæque calant terras, Portumque & Tartara caca,*

*Quæque colant summi lasida regna Poli.*

*Et quæcumque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,*

*Et sine fine Chaos, & sine fine Deus:*

*Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,*

*In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.*

*Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?*

*Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.*

*O quantos in bella Ducis! quæ protulit arma!*

*Quæ canit, & quanta prælia dira tubæ.*

*Cælestes acies! atque in certamine Cælum!*

*Et quæ Cælestes pæna deceret agros!*

*Quantus in ætheris tollit se Lucifer armis!*

*Atque ipso graditur vix Michaelæ minor!*

*Quantis, & quam sanctis concurrebat iræ*

*Dum serus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!*

*Dum vallas Montes cum Tela reciproca torquent,*

*Et non mortali desuper igne pluant:*

Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,  
Et metuit pugna non superesse sua.  
At simul in caelis Messia insignia fulgent,  
Et curvus animas, armaque digna Deo,  
Horrendumque rota strident, & serua rotarum  
Eruunt torvis fulgura luminibus,  
Et flamma vibrant, & vera tonitrua rantes  
Admixtis flammis insonnere Polo:  
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetu omnis  
Et cassis dextris irrita Tela cadunt.  
Ad pœnas fugiunt, & cœta foret Orcu asylum  
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.  
Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii  
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit annus.  
Hac quicumque leges tantum excinesse putabis  
Mæonidem raras, Virgilium calices.

S. B. M. D.

O N  
Paradise Lost.

W HEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,  
*Messiah* Crown'd, Gods Reconcil'd Decree,  
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,  
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All, the Argument  
Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,  
That he would ruine ( for I saw him strong )  
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song  
( So *Sampson* grasp'd the Temples Posts in spight )  
The World o' rewhelming to revenge his light.

Yet as I read, soon growing less levere,  
I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;  
Through that wide Field how he his way should find  
O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind,  
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,  
And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
( Such as disquiet always what is well,  
And by ill imitating would excell )  
Might hence presume the whole Creations day  
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, Mighty Poet, nor despise  
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.  
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare  
Within thy Labours to pretend a share.  
Thou hast not mis'd one thought that could be fit,  
And all that was improper dost omit :

So that no room is here for Writers left,  
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign  
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.  
And things divine thou treatst of in such state  
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.  
At once delight and horror on us seize,  
Thou singst with so much gravity and ease;  
And above humane flight dost soar aloft  
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft,  
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing  
So never flagg's, but always keeps on Wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?  
Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind?  
Just Heav'n thee like *Tiresias* to requite  
Rewards with Prophesie thy loss of sight.

Well mightst thou scorn thy Readers to allure  
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own sense secure,  
While the *Town-Bayes* writes all the while and spells,  
And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells:  
Their Fancies like our Bulby-points appear,  
The Poets tag them, we for fashion wear.  
I too transported by the Mode offend,  
And while I meant to Praise thee must Commend.  
Thy Verse created like thy Theme sublime,  
In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

A. M.

THE

# THE VERSE.

**T**HE *Treasure to English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Miter; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse then else they would have express'd them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have reject'd Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best English Tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists onely in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the*

the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all  
good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so  
little is to be taken for a defect, though it may  
seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it ra-  
ther is to be esteem'd an example set, the first  
in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to He-  
roic Poem from the troublesome and modern  
bondage of Rimeing.

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# Paradise Lost.

## BOOK I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject, *Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd*: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent, who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which action past over, the Poem halts into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darkness, filiest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lave, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of thir miserable fall: Satan awakes all his Legions, who lay

lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Illols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoyning. To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophecie or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this Prophecie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Councel. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Councel.



F Mans First Disobedience, and  
the Fruit

Of that Forbidden Tree, whose  
mortal cast

Brought Death into the World,  
and all our woe,

With loss of Eden, till one  
greater Man

Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,  
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sināi, didst inspire  
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,  
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth  
Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion Hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's Brook that flow'd  
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous Song,

Tha



That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' *Avian* Mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime;  
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first  
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss  
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark  
Illumin, what is low raise and support;  
That to the highth of this great Argument  
I may assert Eternal Providence,  
And justify the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view  
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause  
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,  
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off  
From this Creator, and transgress his Will  
For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?  
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?  
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile  
Stir'd up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd  
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride  
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host  
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,  
He trusted to have equal'd the most High,  
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim  
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God  
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie  
With hideous ruine and combustion down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell

# Paradise Lost. Book I.

In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,  
 Who durst despise th' Omnipotent to Arms.  
 Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night  
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
 Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulfe  
 Confounded though immortal: But his doom  
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes  
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
 Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
 At once as far as Angels kenn he views  
 The dismal Situation waste and wilde,  
 A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
 As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible  
 Serv'd onely to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all; but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:  
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd  
 For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd  
 In utter darkness, and thir portion set  
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n  
 As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.  
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
 There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd  
 With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns, and weltring by his side  
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
 Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd  
*Beelzebub*. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,

And

Book I. *Paradise Lost.*

5

And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd  
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light  
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine  
Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,  
Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd  
In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest  
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd  
He with his Thunder: and till then who knew  
The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those,  
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage  
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind  
And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,  
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
And to the fierce contention brought along  
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd  
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,  
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield:  
And what is else not to be overcome?  
That Glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power,  
Who from the terrour of this Arm so late  
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,  
That were an ignominy and shame beneath

This downfall ; since by Fate the strength of Gods  
 And this Emphyreal substance cannot fail,  
 Since through experience of this great event  
 In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal Warr  
 Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,  
 Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despaire :  
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,  
 That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr  
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King ;  
 And put to proof his high Supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,  
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
 That with sad overthrow and soul defeat  
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences  
 Can perish : for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
 Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state  
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
 But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now  
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less  
 Then such could hav' orepow'rd such force as ours)  
 Have left us this our spirit and strength intire  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls

Book I. *Paradise Lost.*

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By right of Warr, what e're his business be  
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,  
 Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;  
 What can it then avail though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment?  
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable  
 Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,  
 To do ought good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
 As being the contrary to his high will  
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil;  
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.  
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd  
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n: the Sulphurous Hail  
 Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid  
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice  
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,  
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.  
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,  
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.  
 Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,  
 The seat of desolation, voyd of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend

From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
 And reassembling our afflicted Powers,  
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
 Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,  
 How overcome this dire Calamity,  
 What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,  
 If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate  
 With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes  
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides  
 Prone on the Flood, extended long and large  
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
 As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,  
*Titanian*, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,  
*Briareos* or *Typhon*, whom the Den  
 By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast  
*Leviathan*, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swimth' Ocean stream:  
 Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam  
 The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,  
 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,  
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind  
 Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night  
 Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays:  
 So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay  
 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence  
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see  
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth

Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn  
 On Man by him seduc't, but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool  
 His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames  
 Drivn backward slope thir pointing spires, and rowld  
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air  
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land  
 He lights; if it were Land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind transports a Hill  
 Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thundring *Aetna*, whose combustible  
 And sewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,  
 Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,  
 And leave a singed bottom all invol'd  
 With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,  
 Both glorying to have scap't the *Stygian* flood  
 As Gods, and by thir own recover'd strength,  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,  
 Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat  
 That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he  
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: fardest from him is best  
 Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream  
 Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields  
 Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail  
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell

Receive

Receive thy new Possessor : One who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in it self  
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less then he  
 Whom Thunder hath made greater ? Here at least  
 We shall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :  
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce  
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell :  
 Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss  
 Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy Mansion, or once more  
 With rallied Arms to try what may be yet  
 Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell ?

So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*  
 Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,  
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,  
 If once they hear that voyce, thir liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extreames, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
 Thir surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive, though now they lye  
 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,  
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,  
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend  
 Was moving toward the shoar ; his ponderous shield  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,



Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb  
 Through Optic Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views.  
 At Ev'ning from the top of *Etna*,  
 Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,  
 Rivers or Mountains in her spotted Globe.  
 His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine  
 Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast  
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,  
 He walkt with to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning Marle, not like those steps  
 On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;  
 Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach  
 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd  
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intransit  
 Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks  
 In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades  
 High overarch't imbrow; or scatterd sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd  
 Harsh vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew  
*Ensis* and his *Memphian* Chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
 The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld  
 From the safe shore thir floating Carkases  
 And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,  
 Under amazement of thir hideous change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep  
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,  
 Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can sieze  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
 After the toyl of Battel to repose

Your

Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds  
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood  
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon  
His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern  
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.  
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung  
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
Yet to thir Generals Voyce they soon obey'd  
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod  
Of *Amrims* Son in *Egypt*'s evill day  
Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,  
That o're the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung  
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:  
So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell  
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;  
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear  
Of thir great Sultan waving to direct  
Thir course, in even ballance down they light  
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;  
A multitude, like which the populous North  
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass  
*Rhene* or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons

Came

# Book I. Paradise Lost.

13

Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread  
 Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands,  
 Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band  
 The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood  
 Thir great Commander, Godlike shapes and forms  
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,  
 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones;  
 Though of thir Names in heav'nly Records now  
 Be no memorial blotted out and ras'd  
 By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life,  
 Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*  
 Got them new Names, till wandering o're the Earth,  
 Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,  
 By fallities and lyes the greatest part  
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake  
 God thir Creator, and th' invisible  
 Glory of him that made them, to transform  
 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd  
 With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,  
 And Devils to adore for Deities:  
 Then were they known to men by various Names;  
 And various Idols through the Heathen World.  
 Say, Muse, thir Names then known, who first, who last,  
 Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,  
 At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth  
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof?  
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell  
 Roaming to seek thir prey on earth, durst fix  
 Thir Seats long after next the Seat of God,  
 Thir Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd  
 Among the Nations round, and durst abide  
*Jehovah* thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd  
 Between the Cherubim, yea, often plac'd

Within

Within his Sanctuary it self thir Shrines,  
 Abominations, and with cursed things  
 His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd,  
 And with thir darkness durst affront his light.  
 First *Molech*, horrid King besmear'd with blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,  
 Though for the noyse of Drums and Timberls loud  
 Thir childrens cries unheard, that pass through fire  
 To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonites*  
 Worshipt in *Rabba* and her warry Plain,  
 In *Argob* and in *Basan*, to the stream  
 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
 Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build  
 His Temple right against the Temple of God.  
 On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove  
 The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence  
 And black *Gebenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.  
 Next *Chemus*, th' obscene droll of *Moabs* Song,  
 From *Arnor* to *Nebo*, and the wild  
 Of Southmost *Avareim*, in *Hesban*  
 And *Hermanas*, *Seon* Realm, beyond  
 The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,  
 And *Eleas* to th' *Asphaltick* Pools.  
 Fear his other Name, when he entic'd  
*Israel* in *Sittim* on thir march from *Nile*  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe,  
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd  
 Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove  
 Of *Molech* homicide, just hard by hate;  
 Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.  
 With these came they, who from the bordering flood  
 Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts  
*Egypt* from *Syrian* ground, had general Names

Of *Baalim* and *Astarte*, those male,  
These Feminine. For Spirits when they please  
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their Essence pure,  
Not ti'd or manac'd with joynt or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones;  
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose  
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their aerie purposes,  
And works of love or enmity fulfill.  
For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook  
Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down  
To bestial Gods: for which their heads as low  
Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear  
Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
Came *Astarte*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd  
*Astarte*, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;  
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon  
*Sidonians* Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,  
In *Sion* also not unfung, where stood  
Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built  
By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,  
Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, sell  
To Idols soul. *Thammuz* came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd  
The Syrian Damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties all a Summers day,  
While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock  
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood  
Of *Thammuz*, yearly wounded: the Love-tale  
Infected *Sions* daughters with like hear,  
Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch  
*Ezekiel* saw, when by the Vision led

His

His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries  
Of alienar'd *Judah*. Next came one  
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark  
Maim'd his brave Image, head and hands lopt off  
In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,  
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:  
*Dagon* his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man  
And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high  
Rear'd in *Acacia*, dreaded through the Coast  
Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*  
And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat  
Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertile Banks  
Of *Abana* and *Pharpar*, lucid streams.  
He also against the house of God was bold:  
A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,  
*Abaz*, his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew  
Gods Altar to disparage and displace  
For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn  
His odious offerings, and adore the Gods  
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd  
A crew who under Names of old Renown,  
*Osiris*, *Isis*, *Orus* and their Train  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd  
Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek  
Thir wandering Gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* scape  
Th' infection when thir borrow'd Gold compos'd  
The Calf in *Oreb*: and the Rebel King  
Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,  
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,  
*Jehovah*, who in one Night when he pass'd  
From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one stroke  
Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.

*Belial*

And came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd  
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
Vice for its self: To him no Temple stood  
Or Altar sanctified; yet who more oft then see  
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest  
Turns Atheist, would *Ely's* Sons, who fill'd  
With lust and violence the house of God,  
In Courts and Palaces be also Raigne  
And in luxurious Cities, where the noise  
Of tith ascends above their loftiest Towers,  
And injury and outrage: And when Night  
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons  
Of *Belial*, blown with insolence and wine.  
Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night  
In *Gibeah*, when the hospitable door  
Expos'd a Matron to avoid worse rape.  
These were the prime in order and in might;  
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javan* issue held  
Gods, yet count later then Heav'n and Earth  
Thir boasted Parents, *Titan* Heav'n's first born  
With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd  
By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*  
His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;  
So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Cress*  
And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top  
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air  
Thir highest Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,  
Or in *Dadana*, and through all the bounds  
Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old  
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields,  
And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.  
All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd

Obscure some glimps of joy, to have found thir chief  
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast  
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd  
Thir fainting courage, and dispel'd thir fears.  
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound  
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard  
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd  
*Azazel* as his right, a Cherube tall:  
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurl'd  
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc'd  
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind  
With Gems and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while  
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds:  
At which the universal Host upsent  
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond  
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air  
With Orient Colours waving: with them rose  
A Forrest huge of Spears: and thronging Helms  
Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move  
In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood  
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd  
To hight of noblest temper Hero's old  
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage  
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or soul retreat,  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase  
Anguish



Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain,  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they  
Breathing united force with fixed thought  
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd  
Their painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now  
Advanc't in view, they stand, a horrid Front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise  
Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield,  
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief  
Had to impose: He through the armed Files  
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse  
The whole Battalion views, their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of Gods,  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength  
Glories: For never since creased man,  
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warr'd on by Cranes; though all the Giant brood  
Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd  
That fought at *Thebes* and *Ilium*, on each side  
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
In Fable or *Romanes* of *Ubers* Son  
Begirt with *British* and *Armerie* Knights;  
And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel  
Jousted in *Asprament* or *Mantalan*,  
*Damascus*, or *Morocco*, or *Trebisond*,  
Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore  
When *Charlemain* with all his Peerrage fell  
By *Fontarabbia*: Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Their dread commander: he above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent  
Stood like a Tower; his form had yet not lost

All her Original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than Arch Angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n  
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air  
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon  
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the Nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon  
Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face  
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride  
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
For ever now to have thir lot in pain,  
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't  
Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung  
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,  
Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire  
Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,  
With singed top thir stately growth though bare  
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd  
To speak; whereat thir doubl'd Ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
With all his Peers: attention held them mute.  
Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spight of scorn,  
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last  
Words interwove with sighs found out thir way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers  
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change

Hateful

Useful to utter: but what power of mind  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd  
How such united force of Gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend  
Self-rai'd, and repossess their native seat?  
Formee be witness all the Host of Heav'n,  
If counsels different, or danger shun'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure  
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custome, and his Regal State  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New warr, provok't; our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile  
What force effected not: that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new Worlds, whereto so rise  
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:  
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold  
Celestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts

Full Counsel must mature : Peace is despair'd,  
 For who can think Submission ? Warr then, VVarr  
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake : and to confirm his words, out-flew  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty Cherubim ; the sudden blaze  
 Far round illumin'd hell : highly they rag'd  
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped Arms  
 Clash'd on thir sounding Shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance toward the Vault of Heav'n.

There stood a Hill not far whose grieſly top  
 Belch'd fire and rowling ſmoak ; the rest entire  
 Shon with a glossie ſcurff, undoubted sign  
 That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,  
 The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
 A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when Bands  
 Of Pioners with Spade and Pickax arm'd  
 Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,  
 Or cast a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,  
*Mammon*, the least erected Spirit that fell  
 From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts  
 Were always downward bent, admiring more  
 The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trod'n Gold,  
 Thenaught divine or holy else enjoy'd  
 In vision beatific : by him first  
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
 Ranſack'd the Center, and with impious hands  
 Riff'd the bowels of thir mother Earth  
 For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
 Op'n'd into the Hill a spacious wound  
 And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire  
 That riches grow in Hell ; that soyle may best  
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
 VVho boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell

Of *Babel*, and the works of *Assyrian* Kings  
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,  
And Strength and Art are easily out-done  
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
VVhat in an age they with incessant toyle  
And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude  
VVith wond'rous Art found out the massie Ore,  
Severing each kind, and scum'd the Bullion dross:  
A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
A various mould, and from the boyling cells  
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,  
As in an Organ from one blast of wind  
To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.  
Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge  
Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound  
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round  
VVere set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
VVith Golden Architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,  
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babylon*,  
Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence  
Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine  
*Belus* or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat  
Thir Kings, when *Agypt* with *Assyria* strove  
In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile  
Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the doores  
Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide  
VVithin, her ample spaces, o're the smooth  
And level pavement: from the arched roof  
Pendant by suttile Magic many a row

Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed  
 VVith *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yielded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise  
 And some the Architect: his hand was known  
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,  
 VVhere Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,  
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his Hierarchie, the Orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
 In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* land  
 Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell  
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*  
 Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements; from Morn  
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,  
 A Summers day; and with the setting Sun  
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,  
 On *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* Ile: thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
 To have built in Heav'n high Towers; nor did he scape  
 By all his Engines, but was headlong sent  
 VVith his industrious crew to build in hell.  
 Mean while the winged Haralds by command  
 Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony  
 And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim  
 A solemn Council forthwith to be held  
 At *Pandemonium*, the high Capital  
 Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd  
 From every Band and squared Regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
 VVith hunderds and with thousands trooping came  
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates

And

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And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall  
(Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold  
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair  
Defi'd the best of *Pavim* chivalry  
To mortal combat or career with Lance)  
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As Bees  
In spring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,  
Pour forth thir populous youth about the Hive  
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,  
The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,  
New rub'd with Baum, expatiate and confer  
Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd  
Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n.  
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd  
In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons  
Now less than smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race  
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,  
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side  
Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon  
Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still amidst the Hall  
Of that infernal Court. But far within  
And in thir own dimensions like themselves  
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim

In

In close recess and secret conclave sat  
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then  
And summons read, the great consult began.

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*The End of the First Book.*

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# Paradise Lost.

## BOOK II.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophecie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The Council thus ended, the rest betake them several wayes and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op'nd, and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.*

High

**H**igh on a Throne of Royal State, which far  
 Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,  
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest  
 hand

Shows on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl and Gold,  
 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
 To that bad eminence; and from despair  
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
 Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught  
 His proud imaginations thus displaid.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,  
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
 Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
 I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
 More glorious and more dread then from no fall,  
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate:  
 Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n  
 Did first create your Leader, next free choice,  
 With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,  
 Hath bin achiev'd of merit, yet this loss  
 Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more  
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied Throne  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw  
 Envy from each inferior; but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Formost to stand against the Thunderers aim  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From Faction; for none sure will claim in Hell

Prece-

Precedence, none, whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more. With this advantage then  
 To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,  
 More then can be in Heav'n, we now return  
 To claim our just inheritance of old,  
 Surer to prosper then prosperity  
 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,  
 Whether of open Warr or covert guile,  
 We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him *Moloe*, Scepter'd King  
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit  
 That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair:  
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
 Equal in strength, and rather then be less  
 Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
 Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse  
 He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.

My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,  
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now  
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
 Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait  
 The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here  
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for thir dwelling place  
 Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,  
 The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns  
 By our delay? no, let us rather choose  
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once  
 O're Heav'n's high Towers to force resistless way,  
 Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms  
 Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise  
 Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear  
 Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see

Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels; and his Throne it self  
Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire;  
His own invented Torments. But perhaps  
The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful Lake benumm not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late  
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear  
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight  
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;  
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction: if there be in Hell  
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse  
Then to dwell heré, driv'n out from blis, condemn'd  
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end  
The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge  
Inexorably, and the torturing hour  
Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus  
We should be quite abolisht and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential, happier farr  
Then miserable to have eternal being:  
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst

On this side nothing ; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,  
And with perpetual inroads to Allarme,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne :  
VVhich if not Victory is yet Revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous  
To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose  
*Belial*, in act more graceful and humane ;  
A fairer person lost not Heav'n ; he seemd  
For dignity compos'd and high exploit :  
But all was false and hollow ; though his Tongue  
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low ;  
To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful : yet he pleas'd the ear,  
And with perswasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open VVarr, O Peers,  
As not behind in hate ; if what was urg'd  
Main reason to perswade immediate VVarr,  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success :  
VVhen he who most excels in fact of Arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what Revenge ? the Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd  
VVith Armed watch, that render all access  
Impregnable ; oft on the bordering Deep  
Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,  
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way

By

By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
 With blackest Infurrection, to confound  
 Heav'n's purest Light, yet our great Enemy  
 All incorruptible would on his Throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould  
 Incapable of stain would soon expel  
 Her milchief, and purge off the baser fire  
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,  
 To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallowd up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can  
 Is doubtful; that he never will is sure:  
 VVill he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
 To give his Enemies thir wish, and end  
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
 To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?  
 Say they who counsel VVarr, we are decreed,  
 Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe;  
 VVhatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
 VVhat can we suffer worse? is this then worst,  
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?  
 VVhat when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook  
 VVith Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought  
 The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd  
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay

Chain'd

Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.  
VVhat if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires  
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage  
And plunge us in the flames? or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
Her stores were open'd, and this Firmament  
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fires,  
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious warr,  
Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd  
Each on his rock transhxt, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,  
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.  
VVarr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
VVith him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's height  
All these our motions vain, sees and derides;  
Not more Almighty to resist our might  
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we then live thus vile, the Race of Heav'n  
Thus traml'd, thus expell'd to suffer here  
Chains and these Torments? better these then worse  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,  
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe;  
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust  
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd;  
If we were wise, against so great a foe

D

Contending;

Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
 I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold  
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
 VVhat yet they know must follow, to endure  
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
 The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now  
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
 Our Supream Foe in time may much remit  
 His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd  
 Not mind us not offending, satisf'd  
 VVith what is punish't; whence these raging fires  
 VVill slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,  
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd  
 In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
 This horror will grow milde, this darkness light,  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
 Of future dayes may bring, what chance, what change  
 VVorth waiting, since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to our selves more woe.

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reasons garb  
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,  
 Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n  
 VVe warr, if warr be best, or to regain  
 Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then  
 May hope when everlasting Fate shall yeild  
 To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the strife:  
 The former vain to hope argues as vain  
 The latter: for what place can be for us  
 VVithin Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supream

VVe



VVe overpower? Suppose he should relent  
 And publish Grace to all, on promise made  
 Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we  
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
 Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne  
 VVith warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
 For't Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits  
 Our envied Sovran; and his Altar breathes  
 Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,  
 Our servile offerings. This must be our task  
 In Heav'n this our delight; how wearisom  
 Eternity so spent in worship paid  
 To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue  
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd  
 Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state  
 Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
 Our own good from our selves, and from our own  
 Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,  
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
 Hard liberty before the easie yoke  
 Of servile Pomp: Our greatness will appeer  
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse  
 VVe can create, and in what place so e're  
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
 Through labour and indurance. This deep world  
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
 Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire  
 Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,  
 And with the Majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
 Must ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?  
 As he our darkness, cannot we his Light  
 Imitate when we please? This Desart soile

VVants not her hidden lustre, Gems and Gold;  
 Nor want we skill or Art, from whence to raise  
 Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?  
 Our torments also may in length of time  
 Become our Elements, these piercing Fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
 Into their temper; which must needs remove  
 The sensible of pain. All things invite  
 To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State  
 Of order, how in safety best we may  
 Compose our present evils, with regard  
 Of what we are and were, dismissing quite  
 All thoughts of warr: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
 Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
 Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance  
 Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay  
 After the Tempest: Such applause was heard  
 As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,  
 Advising peace: for such another Field  
 They dreaded worse then Hell: so much the fear  
 Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*  
 VVrought still within them; and no less desire  
 To found this nether Empire, which might rise  
 By pollicy, and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to Heav'n.  
 VVhich when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,  
*Satan* except, none higher sat, with grave  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
 A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven  
 Deliberation sat and public care;  
 And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,

Majestic

Majestic though in ruin : sage he stood  
 With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest Monarchies ; his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as Night  
 Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.  
 Thrones and Imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n  
 Ethereal Vertues ; or these Titles now  
 Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd  
 Princes of Hell ? for so the popular vote  
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
 A growing Empire ; doubtless : while we dream,  
 And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd  
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
 Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt  
 From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new League  
 Banded against his Throne, but to remaine  
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,  
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd  
 His captive multitude : For he, be sure  
 In beighth or depth, still first and last will Reign  
 Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part  
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
 His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule  
 Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.  
 What sir we then projecting peace and Warr ?  
 VVarr hath determin'd us, and soild with loss  
 Irreparable ; tears of peace yet none  
 Voutsa't or sought ; for what peace will be giv'n  
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
 Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,  
 But to our power hostility and hate,  
 Unnam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least

May reap his conquest, and may least rejoyce  
In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,  
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprize? There is a place  
(if ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n  
Err not) another World, the happy seat  
Of some new Race call'd *Man*, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,  
That shook Heav'n's whol circumference, confirm'd.  
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,  
Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,  
And where thir weakness, how attempted best,  
By force or suttlety: Though Heav'n be shut,  
And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd  
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left  
To thir defence who hold it: here perhaps  
Som advantageous act may be achiev'd  
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire  
To waste his whole Creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,  
The punie habitants, or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God  
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise

In his disturbance; when his darling Sons  
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
 Their frail Original, and faded bliss,  
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
 Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beelzebub*  
 Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd  
 By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence,  
 But from the Author of all ill could Spring  
 So deep a malice, to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
 Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent  
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,  
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,  
 Nearer our ancient Seat, perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring  
 And opportune excursion we may chance (Arms  
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde Zone  
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair Light  
 Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air,  
 To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires  
 Shall breathe her balme. But first whom shall we send  
 In search of this new world, whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? who shall tempe with wandring feet  
 The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss  
 And through the palpable obscure find out

His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight  
Upborn with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then  
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick  
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
All circumspection, and we now no less  
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,  
The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
His look suspence, awaiting who appear'd  
To second, or oppose, or undertake  
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,  
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
In others coun'ance read his own dismay  
Astonisht: none among the choice and prime  
Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found  
So hardie as to proffer or accept  
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
*Satan*, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride  
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyreal Thrones,  
With reason hath deep silence and demurr  
Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;  
Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,  
Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant  
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.  
These past, if any pass, the void profound  
Of unessential Night receives him next  
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being

Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
 If thence he scape into whatever world,  
 Or unknown Region, what remains him less  
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape.  
 But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,  
 And this Imperial Sov'ranry, adorn'd  
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd  
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger could deterr  
 Mee from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
 These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
 To him who Reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honour'd sits? Go therefore mighty Powers,  
 Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n, intend at home,  
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
 The present misery, and render Hell  
 More tollerable, if there be cure or charm  
 To respite or deceive, or slack the pain  
 Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch  
 Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad  
 Through all the Coasts of dark destruction seek  
 Deliverance for us all: this enterprize  
 None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose  
 The Monarch, and prevented all reply,  
 Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd  
 Others among the chief might offer now  
 ( Certain to be refus'd ) what erst they fear'd ;  
 And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
 His Rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
 Dreaded not more th' adventure then his voice

For-

Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;  
Thir rising all at once was as the sound  
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:  
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,  
That for the general safety he despis'd  
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
Loose all her virtue; least bad men should boast  
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
Or clos ambition varnish'd o're with zeal.  
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark  
Ended rejoicing in thir matchless Chief:  
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread  
Heav'n's chearful face, the lowring Element  
Scowls o're the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre;  
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.  
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree  
Of Creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife  
Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,  
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:  
As if (which might induce us to accord)  
Man had not bellish foes anow besides,  
That day and night for his destruction waire.

The *Strygian* Counsel thus dissolv'd; and forth  
In order came the grand infernal Peers,  
Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and second

Alone



Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less  
 Than Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream,  
 And God-like imitated State, him round  
 A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd  
 With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms,  
 Then of thir Session ended they bid cry  
 With Trumpets regal sound the great result :  
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
 Put in thir mouths the sounding Alchymie  
 By Harolds voice explain'd : the hollow Abyss  
 Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell  
 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.  
 Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais'd  
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
 Disband, and wandring, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksom hours, till this great Chief return.  
 Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime  
 Upon the wing, or in swift Race contend,  
 As at th' Olympian Games or Pythian fields ;  
 Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.  
 As when to warn proud Cities warr appears  
 Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rush  
 To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van  
 Prick forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir Spears  
 Till thickest Legions close ; with feats of Arms  
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.  
 Others with vast *Typhæan* rage more fell  
 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air  
 In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.  
 As when *Alcides* from *Oecalia* Crown'd

With

With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots *Thessalian* Pines,  
 And *Lichas* from the top of *Ossa* threw  
 Into th' *Euboeic* Sea. Others more milde,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes Angelical to many a Harp  
 Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate  
 Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.  
 Thir Song was partial, but the harmony  
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)  
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)  
 Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,  
 Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledg absolute,  
 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.  
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,  
 Of happiness and final misery,  
 Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,  
 Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie:  
 Yet with a pleasing forcerie could charm  
 Pain for a while or anguish, and exite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
 Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands,  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks  
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge  
 Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;

Abhorred *Stryx* the flood of deadly hate,  
 Sad *Acheron* of sorrow, black and deep;  
*Cocytus*, nam'd of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce *Phlegeton*  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Fart off from these a slow and silent stream,  
*Lethe* the River of Oblivion routes  
 Her warric Labyrinth, whereto who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen Continent  
 Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulf profound as that *Serbian* Bog  
 Betwixt *Damietta* and mount *Cafius* old,  
 Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air  
 Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.  
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,  
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
 Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more herce,  
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice  
 Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immovable, infix, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound  
 Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so neer the brink;  
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt

*Medusa*

*Medusa* with *Gorgonian* terror guards  
The Ford, and of it self the water flies  
All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on  
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous Bands  
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast  
View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found  
No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile  
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,  
O're many a Frozen, many a fierie Alpe,  
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of  
A Universe of death, which God by curse (death,  
Created evil, for evil only good,  
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,  
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
*Gorgons* and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,  
*Satan* with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,  
Puts on swift wings, and towards the Gates of Hell  
Explores his solitary flight; som times  
He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,  
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soares  
Up to the fiery Concave touring high.  
As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd  
Hangs in the Clouds, by *Aequinoctial* Winds  
Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Isles  
Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring  
Thir spicie Drugs: they on the Trading Flood  
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape  
Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd  
Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer  
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,

And

And thrice threefold the Gates, three folds were Brass,  
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,  
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;  
 The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair,  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fould  
 Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting: about her middle round  
 A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd  
 With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung  
 A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her wombo,  
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,  
 Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd than these  
 Vex'd *Seylla* bathing in the Sea that parts  
*Calabria* from the hoarce *Trinacrian* shore:  
 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd  
 In secret, riding through the Air she comes  
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon  
 Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,  
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head  
 The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.  
*Satan* was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The Monster moving onward came as fast  
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.  
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,  
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,

Created

Created thing naught valu'd he nor shun'd;  
And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way  
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,  
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee:  
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd,  
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,  
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then  
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons  
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou  
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
To waste Eternal dayes in woe and pain?  
And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,  
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn  
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,  
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,  
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,  
Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue  
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart  
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unselt before:

So spake the grieslie terror, and in shape,  
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold  
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side  
Incens'd with indignation *Satan* stood  
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge  
In th' Arctick Sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head  
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands

No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds  
 With Heav'n's Artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front  
 How'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow  
 To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:  
 So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell  
 Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood;  
 For never but once more was either like  
 To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds  
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
 Had not the Snake Sorcerers that sat  
 Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,  
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between:

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
 Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,  
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart  
 Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom;  
 For him who sits above and laughs the while  
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
 What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids!  
 His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest  
 Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
 Thou interposelt, that my sudden hand  
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 What it intends; till first I know of thee,  
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why  
 In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st  
 Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son?  
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
 Sight more detestable then him and thee.

E

T whom

T' whom thus the Portrefs of Hell Gate reply'd ;  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair  
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight  
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd  
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie-swumm  
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,  
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd  
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd  
All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoild affraid  
At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign  
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing  
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
A growing burden. Mean while VVarr arose,  
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind  
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe  
Clear Victory, to our part loss and rout  
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell  
Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down  
Into this Deep, and in the general fall  
I also; at which time this powerful Key  
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep  
These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
VVithout my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb

Pregnant



Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown  
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transform'd : but he my inbred enemy  
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart  
 Made to destroy : I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;  
 Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd  
 From all her Caves, and back resounded *Death*.  
 I fled, but he pursu'd ( though more, it seems,  
 Inflam'd with lust then rage ) and swifter far,  
 Mee overtook his mother all dismay'd,  
 And in embraces forcible and foule  
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me, for when they list into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw  
 My Bowels, thir repast ; then bursting forth  
 A fresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,  
 And me his Parent would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involv'd ; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,  
 VVhen ever that shall be ; so Fate pronounc'd.  
 But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,

Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dirt,  
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the suttler Fiend his lore  
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.  
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,  
And my fair Son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know  
I come no enemy, but to set free  
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,  
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host  
Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd  
Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread  
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense  
To search with wandring quest a place foretold  
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac'd  
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,  
Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude  
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught  
Then this more secret now design'd, I haste  
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,  
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Vving silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd  
VWith odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.  
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death  
Grinn'd horrible a gast'y smile, to hear

His

His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe  
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd  
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.

The key of this infernal Pit by due,  
And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These Adamantine Gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'rmatcht by living might.  
But what ow I to his commands above  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,  
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,  
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,  
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,  
With terrors and with clamors compass't round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:  
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou  
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and blifs, among  
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits  
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,  
Which but her self not all the *Strygian* powers  
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns  
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar  
Of massie Iron or solid Rock with ease  
Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound

Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges grate  
 Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to shut  
 Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,  
 That with extended wings a Bannerd Host  
 Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through  
 With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;  
 So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.  
 Before thir eyes in sudden view appear  
 The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark  
 Illimitable Ocean without bound,  
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, & highth,  
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night  
 And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold  
 Eternal *Anarchie*, amidst the noise  
 Of endless Warrs, and by confusion stand.  
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce  
 Strive here for Maistrick, and to Battel bring  
 Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag  
 Of each his Faction, in thir several Clanns,  
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,  
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands  
 Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,  
 Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise  
 Thir lighter wings. To whom these molt adhere,  
 Hee rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,  
 And by decission more imbroiles the fray  
 By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter  
*Chance* governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,  
 The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,  
 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,  
 But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt  
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,

Unless

Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain  
 His dark materials to create more Worlds,  
 Into this wild Abyſs the warie ſiend  
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,  
 Pondering his Voyage; for no narrow ſtrith  
 He had to croſs. Nor was his care leſs peal'd  
 With noiſes loud and ruinous (to compare  
 Great things with ſmall) then when *Bethſha* ſtorms,  
 With all her battering Engines bent to raze  
 Some Capital City; or leſs then if this frame  
 Of Heav'n were falling, and theſe Elements  
 In mutinie had ſtrorn her Axle torn  
 The ſtedfaſt Earth. At laſt his Sail-broad Vannes  
 He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoak  
 Uplifted ſpurns the ground, thence many a League  
 As in a cloudy Chair aſcending rides  
 Audacious, but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets  
 A vaſt vacuities: all unawares  
 Fluttring his permons vain plumb down he drops  
 Ten thouſand fadom deep, and to this hour  
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
 The ſtrong rebuff of ſom tumultuous cloud  
 Inſtinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him  
 As many miles aloft: that furie ſtay'd,  
 Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtis*, neither Sea,  
 Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,  
 Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,  
 Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.  
 As when a Gryſon through the Wilderneſs  
 With winged courſe ore Hill or moarie Dale,  
 Purſues the *Arimaſſian*, who by ſtelth  
 Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloind  
 The guarded Gold: So eagerly the ſiend  
 Ore bog or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rare,

With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,  
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:  
 At length a universal hubbub wilde  
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd  
 Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare  
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,  
 Undaunted to meet there what ever power  
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyssa  
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lyes  
 Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne  
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread  
 Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd  
 Sat Sable-vested *Night*; eldest of things,  
 The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood  
*Orcus* and *Ades*, and the dreaded name  
 Of *Demogorgon*; *Rumor* next and *Chance*,  
 And *Tumult* and *Confusion* all imbroild,  
 And *Discord* with a thousand various mouths.

T'whom *Satan* turning boldly thus. Ye Powers,  
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyssa,  
*Chaos* and ancient *Night*, I come no Spy,  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint  
 Wandring this darksome Desert, as my way,  
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds  
 Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place  
 From your Dominion won, th' *Ethereal King*  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound, direct my course;  
 Directed no mean recompence it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that Region lost,

All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
 To her original darkness and your sway  
 ( Which is my present journey ) and once more  
 Erect the Standard there of *ancient Night* ;  
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus *Satan* ; and him thus the Anarch old  
 With faultring speech and visage impos'd  
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
 Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrow'd,  
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host  
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep  
 VVith ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded ; and Heav'n Gates  
 Poured out by millions her victorious Bands  
 Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here  
 Keep residence ; if all I can will serve,  
 That little which is left so to defend,  
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles  
 VVeakening the Scepter of old *Night* : first Hell  
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath ;  
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another VVorld  
 Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain  
 To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell ;  
 If that way be your walk, you have not farr ;  
 So much the neerer danger ; go and speed ;  
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd ; and *Satan* staid not to reply,  
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,  
 VVith fresh alacritie and force renew'd  
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire  
 Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round  
 Environ'd wins his way ; harder beset

And

And more endanger'd; then when *Ary* pass'd  
Through *Bosphorus* betwixt the jutting Rocks :  
Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunn'd  
*Charybdis*, and by th' other whirlpool steard.  
So he with difficulty and labour hard  
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee ;  
But hee once past, soon after when man fell,  
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain  
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,  
Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way  
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf  
Tamely endur'd a stridge of wondrous length  
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe  
Of this frail VWorld, by which the Spirits perverse  
VWith ease intercourse pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God and good Angels guard by special grace:  
But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n  
Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night  
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins  
Her fardest verge, and *Chaos* to retire  
As from her outmost works a brok'd foe  
VWith tumult less and with less hostile din,  
That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease  
VVaults on the calmer wave by dubious light  
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds  
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,  
VVeighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold  
Farr off th' Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermined squire or round,  
VWith Opal Towers and Battlements adorn'd  
Of living Saphire, once his native Seat;

And



And fast by hanging in a golden Chain  
 This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr  
 Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon,  
 Thicker full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
 Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

BOOK III.

THE FIRST CANTO.

*The End of the Second Book.*

Paradise

# Paradise Lost.

## BOOK III.

### THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduct. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransom for Man: the Father

Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to thir Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare Convex of this Worlds ever-moſt Orb; where wandering he firſt finds a place ſince call'd The Lymbo of Vaniry; what perſons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, deſcrib'd aſcending by ſtaires, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His paſſage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel the Regent of that Orb, but firſt changes himſelf into the ſhape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous deſire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights firſt on Mount Niphates,

**H** All holy Light, offspring of Heav'n firſt-born,  
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam  
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? ſince God  
is light,

And never but in unapproach'd light  
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt thou in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate.  
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure Ethereal ſtream,  
Whoſe Fountain who ſhall tell? before the Sun,  
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a Mantle didſt inveſt  
The riſing world of water dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.  
Thee I re-viſit now with bolder wing,  
Eſcap't the Stygian Pool, though long detain'd

In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne  
 With other notes then to th' *Orphean Lyre*  
 I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,  
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
 Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovran vital Lamp ; but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
 Cleer Spring, or shady Grove, or Sunnie Hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred Song ; but chief  
 Thee *Sion* and the flowrie *Brooks* beneath  
 That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,  
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
 Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Maenides*,  
 And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move  
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful Bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
 But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the chearful wayes of men  
 Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair  
 Presented with a Universal blank

Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou Celestial light  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view:  
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven  
Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
The radiant image of his Glory sat,  
His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld  
Our two first Parents, yet the onely two  
Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love  
In blisful solitude; he then survey'd  
Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there  
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night  
In the dun Air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd  
Firm land imbosom'd without Firmaments,  
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains

Heape

Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyſs  
 Wide interrupt can hold; ſo bent he ſeems  
 On deſperate reveng, that ſhall redound  
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
 Through all reſtraint broke looſe he wings his way  
 Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,  
 Directly towards the new created World,  
 And Man there plac't, with purpoſe to aſſay  
 If him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,  
 By ſome falſe guiſe pervert, and ſhall pervert  
 For man will hark'n to his glozing lyes,  
 And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole Command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fail,  
 Hee and his faithleſs Progenie; whoſe fault?  
 Whoſe but his own? ingrate, he had of mee  
 All he could have; I made him juſt and right,  
 Sufficent to have ſtood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers  
 And Spirits, both them who ſtood and them who faild;  
 Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have givn ſincere  
 Of true allegiance, conſtant Faith or Love,  
 Where onely what they needs muſt do, appeard,  
 Not what they would? what praiſe could they re-  
 What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid, (ceive?  
 When Will and Reason (Reason alſo is choice)  
 Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoild,  
 Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd neceſſitie,  
 Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,  
 So were created, nor can juſtly accuſe  
 Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate,  
 As if; redeſtination over-rul'd  
 Thir will, diſpos'd by abſolute Decree  
 Or high foreknowledge; they themſelves decreed

Thir

Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault;  
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
 So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,  
 Or aught by me immutably foretold,  
 They trespass, Authors to themselves in all  
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so  
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
 Till they enchain themselves: I else must change  
 Their nature, and revoke the high Decree  
 Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd  
 Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall;  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd  
 By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,  
 The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,  
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel;  
 But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:  
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 Most glorious, in him all his Father shon  
 Substantially express'd, and in his face  
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
 Love without end, and without measure Grace;  
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace,  
 For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll  
 Thy praises; with th' innumerable sound  
 Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne  
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
 For should Man finally be lost, should Man

Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd  
 With his own folly? that be from thee farr,  
 That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge  
 Of all things made, and judgest onely right.  
 Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain  
 His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill  
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,  
 Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
 Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell  
 Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self  
 Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,  
 For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?  
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
 Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.  
 O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,  
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
 All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all  
 As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
 Freely voutsaft; once more I will renew  
 His laps'd powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe,  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
 His fall'n condition is, and to me ow  
 All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:



The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd  
 Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 Th' incens'd Deitie, while offer'd grace  
 Invites; for I will cleer thir senses dark,  
 What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
 To Prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endevord with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 And I will place within them as a guide  
 My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear;  
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,  
 And to the end persifling, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;  
 But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
 But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,  
 Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sins  
 Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n;  
 Affretting God-head, and so loosing all,  
 To expiate his Treason hath naught left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote,  
 He with his whole posteritie must dye,  
 Dye hee or Justice must; unless for him  
 Som other able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
 Say Heav'nly powers, where shall we find such love;  
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
 Mans mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save,  
 Dwells in all Heaven charitie so deare?

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,  
 And silence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf

Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,  
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
 And now without redemption all mankind  
 Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
 In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,  
 His dearest mediation thus renewd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;  
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
 Comes unprevented, unimplo'd, unsought,  
 Happie for man, so coming; he her aide  
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;  
 Attonement for himself or offering meet,  
 Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:  
 Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life  
 I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;  
 Account mee man; I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee  
 Freely put off, and for him lastly dye  
 Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;  
 Under his gloomie power I shall not long  
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess  
 Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,  
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due  
 All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
 But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue  
 My vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;  
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
 Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.

I through the ample Air in Triumph high  
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show  
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the light  
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,  
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:  
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd  
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,  
And reconcilement; wranth shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shon  
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will  
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd  
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend  
Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace  
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou  
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,  
To me are all my works, nor Man the least  
Though last created, that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.  
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,  
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyn;  
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,  
By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adams* room  
The Head of all mankind, though *Adams* Son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee

As from a second root shall be restor'd,  
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
 His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit  
 Impured shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
 Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,  
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
 His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
 So Heav'nly love shall outdoo Hellish hate  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,  
 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate  
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes  
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
 Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne,  
 Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss  
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
 A World from utter loss, and hast been found  
 By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,  
 Found worthiest to be so by being Good,  
 Farr more then Great or High; because in thee  
 Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,  
 Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne,  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reign  
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
 Anointed universal King, all Power  
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream  
 Thrones, Principdoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:  
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide

In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;  
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
 Shalt in the Sky appear, and from thee send  
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime  
 Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes  
 The living, and forthwith the cied dead  
 Of all past Ages to the general Doom  
 Shall halt'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.  
 Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge  
 Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink  
 Beneath thy Sentence; Hell her numbers full;  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
 And after all thir tribulations long  
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
 Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,  
 For regal Scepter then no more shall need,  
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all  
 The multitude of Angels with a shout  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung  
 With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's filld  
 Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent  
 Towards either Throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast  
 Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,  
 Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life  
 Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence

To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,  
And flows aloft shading the Fount of Life,  
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heav'n  
Rowls o're *Elisian* Flours her Amber stream;  
With these that never fade the Spirits elect  
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon  
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.  
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side  
Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet  
Of charming symphonie they introduce  
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,  
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer,  
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes,  
Thee next they sang of all Creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee  
Imprest the effulgence of his Glorie abides,  
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.

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Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein  
 By thee created, and by thee threw down  
 Th' aspiring Dominations; thou that day  
 Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook  
 Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks  
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.  
 Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime  
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Fathers might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
 Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n,  
 Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome  
 So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:  
 No sooner did thy dear and onely Son  
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
 So strictly, but much more to pitie inclin'd,  
 He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife  
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat  
 Second to thee, offerd himself to die  
 For mans offence. O unexampl'd love,  
 Love no where to be found less then Divine!  
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my Song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,  
 Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe  
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd  
 From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darknes old,  
*Satan* alighted walks: a Globe farr off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent

Dark,

Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms  
Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement skie;  
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n  
Though distant farr som small reflection gains  
Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:  
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.  
As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,  
Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,  
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey  
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yearling Kids  
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs  
Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams;  
But in his way lights on the barren Plains  
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive  
With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggon light:  
So on, this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend  
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
Alone, for other Creature in this place  
Living or liveless to be found was none,  
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
Up higher like Aereal vapours flew  
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin  
With vanity had filld the works of men:  
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,  
Or happiness in this or th' other life;  
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits  
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,  
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;  
All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,  
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,  
Dissolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

Till



Till final dissolution, wander here,  
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;  
 Those argent Fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
 Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde :  
 Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born  
 First from the ancient World those Giants came  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd :  
 The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain  
 Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe  
 New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build :  
 Others came single ; he who to be deemd  
 A God, leap'd fondly into *Aetna* flames,  
*Empedocles*, and hee who to enjoy  
*Plato's Elysium*, leap'd into the Sea,  
*Cleombrotus*, and many more too long,  
 Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friers  
 White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.  
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek  
 In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n ;  
 And they who to be sure of Paradise  
 Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,  
 Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd ;  
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,  
 And that CrySTALLINE Sphear whose ballance weighs  
 The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd ;  
 And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'ns Wicket seems  
 To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot  
 Of Heav'ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe  
 A violent cross wind from either Coast  
 Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry  
 Into the devious Air ; then might ye see  
 Cowles, Hoods, and Habits with thir wearers tost  
 And flutter'd Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,

Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,  
 The sport of Winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft  
 Fly o're the backside of the World farr off  
 Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since call'd  
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod ;  
 All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,  
 And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame  
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste  
 His travell'd steps ; farr distant he descries  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,  
 At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd  
 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate  
 With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold  
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes  
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth  
 By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.  
 The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled  
 To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,  
 Dreaming by night under the open Skie,  
 And waking cri'd, *This is the Gate of Heav'n*  
 Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There alwayes, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes  
 Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd  
 Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon  
 Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,  
 Wasted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake  
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.  
 The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the dores of *Heav'n*.

Direct against which op'nd from beneath,  
 Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,  
 Wider by farr then that of after-times  
 Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,  
 Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,  
 By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,  
 On high behests his Angels to and fro  
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
 From *Panæas* the fount of *Jordans* flood  
 To *Beerfaba*, where the *Holy Land*  
 Borders on *Egypt* and the *Arabian* shoare;  
 So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.  
*Satan* from hence now on the lower stair  
 That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate  
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this World at once. As when a Scout  
 Through dark and desert wayes with peril gone  
 All night; at last by break of chearful dawne  
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some forein land  
 First-seen, or some renown'd Metropolis  
 With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd,  
 Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.  
 Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,  
 The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd  
 At sight of all this World beheld so faire.  
 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the circling Canopie  
 Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point  
 Of *Libra* to the fleecie Starr that bears  
*Andromeda* farr off *Atlantic* Seas

Beyond

Beyond th' *Horizon*; then from Pole to Pole  
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
 Down right into the Worlds first Region throws  
 His flight precipitant, and windeſ with eaſe  
 Through the pure marble Air his oblique way  
 Amongſt innumerable Starrs, that ſhon  
 Starrs diſtant, but nigh hand ſeemd other Worlds,  
 Or other Worlds they ſeemd, or happy Iles,  
 Like thoſe *Hesperian* Gardens ſam'd of old,  
 Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,  
 Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there  
 He ſtayd not to enquire: above them all  
 The golden Sun in ſplendor likeſt Heaven  
 Allur'd his eye: Thither his courſe he bends  
 Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe  
 By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
 Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie  
 Alooff the vulgar Conſtellations thick,  
 That from his Lordly eye keep diſtance due,  
 Diſpenſes Light from farr; they as they move  
 Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute  
 Days, months, & years, towards his all-cheering Lamp  
 Turn ſwift thir various motions, or are turnd  
 By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The Univers, and to each inward part  
 With genile penetration, though unſeen,  
 Shoots inviſible vertue even to the deep:  
 So wondrously was ſet his Station bright.  
 There lands the Fiend, a ſpot like which perhaps  
 Aſtronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe  
 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never ſaw.  
 The place he found beyond expreſſion bright,  
 Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;  
 Not all parts like, but all alike informd

With

With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;  
 If mettall, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;  
 If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,  
 Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon  
 In *Aarons* Brest-plate, and a stone besides  
 Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that which here below  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
 In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde  
 Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,  
 Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.  
 What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run  
 Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch  
 Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote  
 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?  
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
 Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
 But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon  
 Culminate from th' *Aequator*, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,  
 No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray  
 To objects distant farr, whereby he soon  
 Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,  
 The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun:  
 His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;  
 Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar  
 Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind  
 Illustrious on his Shoulders sledge with wings

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Lay waving round ; on som great charge imploy'd  
 He seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope  
 To find who might direct his wandring flight  
 To Paradise the happie seat of Man,  
 His journies end and our beginning woe.  
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay :  
 And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb  
 Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd ;  
 Under a Coronet his flowing haire  
 In curl ; oneither cheek plaid, wings he wore  
 Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,  
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
 Before his decent steps a Silver wand :  
 He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,  
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,  
 Admonisht by his ear, and strait was known  
 Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n  
 Who in Gods presence, neereest to his Throne  
 Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes  
 That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth  
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
 O're Sea and Land : him *Satan* thus accostes ;  
*Uriel*, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand  
 In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously bright,  
 The first art wont his great authentic will  
 Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,  
 Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend ;  
 And here art likeliest by supream decree  
 Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye  
 To visit oft this new Creation round ;

Unspeakeable desire to see, and know  
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
 His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
 All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,  
 Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim  
 Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell  
 In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man  
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
 But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell;  
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
 Or open admiration him behold  
 On whom the great Creator hath bestowd  
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powrd;  
 That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
 The Universal Maker we may praise;  
 Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes  
 To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss  
 Created this new happie Race of Men  
 To serve him better: wise are all his wayes.

So spake the false dissembler unperceivd;  
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
 Hypocrisie, the onely evil that walks  
 Invisible, except to God alone,  
 By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:  
 And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
 At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie  
 Relinquishes her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
 Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd  
 Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held  
 The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;  
 Who to the fraudulent Impostor soule  
 In his uprightness answer thus returnd.  
 Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know  
 The works of God, thereby to glorifie

The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess  
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
 From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps  
 Contented with report hear only in heav'n:  
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;  
 But what created mind can comprehend  
 Thir number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.  
 I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,  
 This worlds material mould, came to a heap:  
*Confusion* heard his voice, and wilde uproar  
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;  
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
 Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:  
 Swift to thir several Quarters hasten'd then  
 The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,  
 And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n  
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
 That rowld orbicular, and turn'd to Starrs  
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;  
 Each had his place appointed, each his course,  
 The rest in circuit walle this Universe.  
 Look downward on that Globe whose hither side  
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;  
 That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light  
 His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere  
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon  
 ( So call that opposite fair Starr ) her aide  
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n;

With



With borrowd light her countenance triform  
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.

That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,  
*Adams* abode, those loffie shades his Bowre.

Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

Thus said, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,  
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,  
Down from th' *Ecliptic*, sped with hop'd success,  
Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,  
Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

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*The End of the Third Book.*

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# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK IV.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden described; Satans first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thence intends to sound his Temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Meantime Uriel descending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradise,

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*dist, that some evil spirit had escap'd the Deep; and  
past at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good An-  
gel down to Paradise, discovered after by his surin  
gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him  
ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve,  
discourse of going to their rest: their Bower describ'd;  
their Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his  
Bands of Night-march to walk the round of Paradise,  
appoints two strong Angels to Adams Bower, lest  
the evill spirit should be there doing some harm to  
Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the  
ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him,  
though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd,  
he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd  
by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.*

**O** For that warning voice, which he who saw  
Th' *Apoclyps*, heard cry in Heaven aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
*Woe to the inhabitants on Earth!* that now,  
While time was, our first-Parents had bin warn'd  
The coming of this secret foe, and scap'd  
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now  
*Satan*, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind,  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:  
Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth  
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,  
And like a devillish Enging back recoiles  
Upon himself, horror and doubt distract

His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stirr  
 The Hell within him, for within him Hell  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
 One step no more then from himself can fly  
 By change of place : Now conscience wakes despair  
 That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
 Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
 Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad,  
 Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,  
 Which now far high in his Meridian Towre :  
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God  
 Of this new World ; at whose sight all the Starrs  
 Hide thir diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare ;  
 Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down  
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King :  
 Ah wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less then to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
 How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high  
 I scind subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,

So burthenfome still paying, still to ow,  
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?  
O had his powerful Destiny ordain'd  
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood  
Then happier; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
Ambition. Yet why not? fogn other Power  
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?  
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
But Heav'n's free Love dealt equally to all?  
Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
Nay curs'd be thou, since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable! which way shall I flie  
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?  
Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.  
O then at last relent: is there no place  
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?  
None left but by submission; and that word  
*Disdain* forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
With other promises and other vaunts  
Then to submit, boasting I could subdue  
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know

How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,  
 Under what torments inwardly I groane;  
 While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,  
 With Diadem and Scepter high advanc'd  
 The lower still I fall; onely Supream  
 In miserie; such joy Ambition findes.  
 But say I could repent and could obtaine  
 By Act of Grace my former state; how soon  
 Would high recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
 For never can true reconcilement grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep:  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my punisher; therefore as farr  
 From granting hee, as I from begging peace:  
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead  
 Of us our-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this World.  
 So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,  
 Farwel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;  
 Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least  
 Divided Empire with Heav'n's King I hold  
 By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;  
 As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.  
 Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face  
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie, and despair,  
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betraid  
 Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.  
 For heav'nly mindes from such distempers soule  
 Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,  
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme,

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Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
 That practis'd falshood under faintly shew,  
 Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:  
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
 Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down  
 The way he went, and on th' *Assyrian* mount  
 Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall  
 Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce  
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.  
 So on he fares, and to the border comes,  
 Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearest, Crowns with her enclosure green,  
 As with a rural mound the champain head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
 With thicker overgrown, gottesque and wilde,  
 Accessiden'd, and over head up grew  
 Insuperable highth of leftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,  
 A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops  
 The verdurous wall of paradise up sprung:  
 Which to our general Sire gave prospect large  
 Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.  
 And higher then that Wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,  
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue  
 Apper'd, with gay enameld colours mixt:  
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams  
 Then n fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow.  
 When God hath showrd the earth, so lovely seem'd  
 That antskip: And of pure now purer aire  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires

Vernal

Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales  
Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saile  
Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past  
*Mexambie*, off at Sea North-East windes blow  
*Sabtan* Odours from the spicie shoare  
Of *Arabie* the blest, with such delay  
Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a League  
Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.  
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend  
Who came thir bane, though with them better pleas'd  
Then *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume,  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse  
Of *Tabits* Son, and with a vengeance sent  
From *Media* post to *Agypt*, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill  
*Satan* had journied on, pensive and slow;  
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,  
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
All path of Man or Beast that past that way:  
One Gate there only was, and that look'd East  
On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon saw  
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,  
At one slight bound high over leap'd all bound  
Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eve  
In hurd'd Cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould:  
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash



Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,  
 Cross-barr'd and bolied fast, fear no assault,  
 In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles;  
 So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould:  
 So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.  
 Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life  
 The middle Tree and highest there that grew,  
 Sat like a Cormorant, yet not true Life  
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising Death  
 To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought  
 Of that life-giving Plane, but only us'd  
 For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge  
 Of immortality. So little knows  
 Any, but God alone, to value right  
 The good before him, but perverts best things  
 To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.  
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
 To all delight of human sense expos'd  
 In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,  
 A Heav'n on Earth, for blissful Paradise  
 Of God the Garden was, by him in the East  
 Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretch'd her Line  
 From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towns  
 Of great *Selucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,  
 Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before  
 Dwell'd in *Telassar*: in this pleasant soile  
 His far more pleasant Garden God ordain'd;  
 Out of the fertill ground he caus'd to grow  
 All Trees of noblest kind for sight, sinell, taste;  
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
 High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit  
 Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life  
 Our Seat. The Tree of knowledge grew fast by,  
 Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.

South.

Southward through *Eden* went a River large,  
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill  
 Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown  
 That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd  
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
 Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
 Rose a fresh Fountain; and with many a rill  
 Waterd the Garden; thence united fell  
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,  
 Which from his darksome passage now appears.  
 And now divided into four main Streams,  
 Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme  
 And Country whereof here needs no account,  
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
 How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,  
 Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,  
 With mazie error under pendant shades  
 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
 Floors worthy of Paradise which not nice Art  
 In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon  
 Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,  
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade  
 Imbround the noontide Bowers: Thus was this place,  
 A happy rural seat of various view; (Balme,  
 Groves whose rich Trees wept odorou: Gumms and  
 Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde  
 Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true,  
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste:  
 Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks  
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
 Or palmie hillock, or the flourie lap  
 Of some irriguous Valley spread her store,  
 Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:

Another

Another side, umbrageous Grotts and Caves  
 Of coole recess, o're which the mantling vine  
 Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall  
 Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,  
 That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crown'd,  
 Her chrystal mirror holds, unite thir streams.  
 The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
 The trembling leaves, while Universal Pan  
 Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance  
 Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field  
 Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathering flours  
 Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*  
 Was gatherd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain  
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove  
 Of *Daphne* by *Orantes*, and th' inspir'd  
*Castalian* Spring, might with this Paradise  
 Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyssean* Ile  
 Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,  
 Whom Gentiles *Amman* call and *Lybian Jove*,  
 Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son  
 Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea's* eye;  
 Nor where *Abassin* Kings thir issue Guard,  
 Mount *Amara*, though this by som suppos'd  
 True Paradise under the *Ethiop* Line  
 By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with shining Rock,  
 A whole days journey high, but wide remote  
 From this *Assyrian* Garden, where the Fiend  
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
 Of living Creatures new to sight and strang::  
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native Honour clad  
 In naked Majestie seem'd Lords of all,

And

And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine  
 The image of thir glorious Maker shon,  
 Truth, wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure,  
 Severe but in true filial freedom plac't ;  
 VVhence true autoritie in men ; though both  
 Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd ;  
 For contemplation hee and valour formd,  
 For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,  
 Hee for God only, shee for God in him :  
 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd  
 Absolute rule ; and Hyacinthin Locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :  
 Shee as a vail down to the slender waste  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
 Disheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
 As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd  
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,  
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,  
 Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame  
 Of natures works, honor dishonorable,  
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind  
 With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,  
 And banisht from mans life his happiest life,  
 Simplicitie and spotless innocence.  
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shund the sight  
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill :  
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the lovliest pair  
 That ever since in loves imbraces met,  
*Adam* the goodliest man of men since borne  
 His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*.

Under

Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side  
 They sat thens down, and after no more toil  
 Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd  
 To recommend coole Zephyr, and made ease  
 More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite  
 More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes  
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
 On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours :  
 The favourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde  
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream ;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
 Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,  
 Alone as they. About them frisking playd  
 All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chase  
 In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den ;  
 Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw  
 Dandl'd the Kid ; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards,  
 Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant  
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreathd  
 His Lithe Proboscis ; close the Serpent fly  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass  
 Coucht, and now fild with pasture gazing sat,  
 Or Bedward ruminating : for the Sun  
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career  
 To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale  
 Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rose :  
 When *Satan* still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd sad.

O Hell ! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,

Into

Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't  
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
 Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright  
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them Divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd them on thir shape hath pour'd.  
 Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe;  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;  
 Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd  
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n  
 Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe  
 To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne  
 Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,  
 And mutual amitie so streight, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please  
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such  
 Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,  
 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest Gates,  
 And send forth all her Kings; there will be room;  
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
 Your numerous offspring; if no better place,  
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,  
 Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,  
 By conquering this new World, compels me now  
 To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,  
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.  
Then from his lofty stand on that high Tree  
Down he alights among the sportful Herd  
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,  
Now other, as thir shape servd best his end  
Neerer to view his prey, and unesp'd  
To mark what of thir state he more might learn  
By word or action markt: about them round  
A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,  
Then as a Tyger, who by chance hath spi'd  
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,  
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground  
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both  
Grip't in each paw: When *Adam* first of men  
To first of women *Eve* thus moving speech,  
Turnd him all eare to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,  
Dearer thy self then all; needs must the power  
That made us, and for us this ample World  
Be infinitely good, and of his good  
As liberal and free as infinite,  
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here  
In all this happiness, who at his hand  
Have nothing merited, nor can performe  
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires  
From us no other service then to keep  
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees  
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that onely Tree  
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,  
Soneer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,  
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst

H

God

God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree;  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signes of power and rule  
 Conferd upon us, and Dominion giv'n  
 Over all other Creatures that possess  
 Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easie prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights :  
 But let us ever praise him, and extoll  
 His bountie, following our delightful task  
 To prune these growing Plants, and tend these Flours,  
 Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom  
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my Guide  
 And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
 For wee to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy  
 So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee  
 Præminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thy self canst no where find.  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awak't, and found my self repos'd  
 Under a shade of flours, much wondring where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread  
 Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd  
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n ; I thither went  
 With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe  
 On the green bank, to look into the cleer  
 Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Skie.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite,



A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd  
Bending to look on me, I started back,  
It started back, but pleas'd I soon returnd,  
Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks  
Of sympathie and love; there I had fixt  
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warnd me, VVhat thou seest,  
VVhat there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,  
VVith thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow staies  
Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee  
VVhose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy  
Inseparablie thine, to him shalt beare  
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd  
Mother of human Race: what could I doe,  
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?  
Till I esp'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a Platani, yet methought less faire;  
Less winning soft, less amiable milde,  
Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd,  
Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return faire Eve;  
VVhom sli'st thou? whom thou sli'st, of him thou art;  
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
Out of my side to thee, neere'st my heart  
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half: with that thy gentle hand  
Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see  
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unrepov'd,  
And meek surrender, half embracing leand

On our first Father, half her swelling Breast  
 Naked met his under the flowing Gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight  
 Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms  
 Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*  
 On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds  
 That shed *May* Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip  
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd  
 For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne  
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two  
 Imparadis't in one anothers arms  
 The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy thir fill  
 Of blifs on blifs, while I to Hell am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least,  
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
 From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:  
 One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,  
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidd'n?  
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord  
 Envie them that? can it be sin to know,  
 Can it be death? and do they onely stand  
 By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,  
 The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?  
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with designe  
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt  
 Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round

This

This Garden, and no corner leave unspid;  
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
 Some wandering Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,  
 Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

lip

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began (roam.  
 Through wood, through waste, o're hill, o're dale his  
 Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n  
 With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern Gate of Paradise.

Level'd his evening Rayes: it was a Rock  
 Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,  
 Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent  
 Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;  
 The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.

Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat  
 Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;  
 About him exercis'd Heroic Games  
 Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Spears,  
 Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.  
 Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven  
 On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr  
 In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
 Impres the Air, and shews the Mariner  
 From what point of his Compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

*Gabriel*, to thee thy course by Lot hath giv'n  
 Charge and strict watch that to this happie Place

No evil thing approach or enter in;  
 This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare  
 A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
 More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly Man  
 Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way  
 Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;  
 But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks  
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:  
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew  
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise  
 New troubles; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged Warriour thus return'd:  
*Uriel*, no wonder if thy perfit sight,  
 Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sittest,  
 See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass  
 The vigilance here plac't, but such as come  
 Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour  
 No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,  
 So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.  
 But if within the circuit of these walks,  
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
 Thou tellest, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge  
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd  
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n  
 Beneath th' *Azores*; whither the prime Orb,  
 Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd  
 Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth  
 By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there  
 Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold

The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend :  
 Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray  
 Had in her sober Liverie all things clad ;  
 Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,  
 They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests  
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale ;  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;  
 Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the Firmament  
 With living Saphirs : *Hesperus* that led  
 The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon  
 Rising in clouded Majestie, at length  
 Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,  
 And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

When *Adam* thus to *Eve* : Fair Consort, th' hour  
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest  
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men  
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep  
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
 Our eye-lids ; other Creatures all day long  
 Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest ;  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,  
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies ;  
 While other Animals unactive range,  
 And of thir doings God takes no account.  
 To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East  
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,  
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
 Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring, and require  
 More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth :  
 Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gums,

That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;  
 Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

To whom thus *Eve* with perfect beauty adorn'd,  
 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst  
 Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,  
 God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more  
 Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.  
 With thee conversing I forget all time,  
 All seasons and thir change, all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun  
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads  
 His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful Evening milde, then silent Night  
 With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,  
 And these the Gems of Heav'n, her starrie train:  
 But neither breath of Morn when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun  
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night  
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,  
 Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.  
 But wherefore all night long shine these, for whom  
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general Ancestor repli'd,  
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht *Eve*,  
 Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,  
 By morrow Evening, and from Land to Land  
 In order, though to Nations yet unborn,  
 Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;

Least total darkness should by Night regain  
 Her old possession, and extinguish life  
 In Nature and all things, which these soft fires  
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
 Of various influence foment and warm,  
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
 On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
 Perfection from the Sun's more potent Ray.  
 These then, though unbeld in deep of night,  
 Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,  
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;  
 Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night: how often from the steep  
 Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to others note  
 Singing their great Creator: oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd  
 On to their blissful Bower; it was a place  
 Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd  
 All things to mans delightful use; the roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
*Acacia*, and each odorous bushie shrub  
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
 In all hues, Roses, and Cessamin

Rear'd

Rear'd high thir flourish'd heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic; underfoot the Violet,  
 Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay  
 Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with stone  
 Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here  
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;  
 Such was thir awe of Man. In shady Bower  
 More sacred and sequesterd, though but frigid,  
*Pan* or *Silvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,  
 Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess  
 With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs  
 Espoused *Eve* decks first her nuptial Bed,  
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenaeus sung,  
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire  
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,  
 More lovely then *Pandora*, whom the Gods  
 Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like  
 In sad event, when to the unwiser Son  
 Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she ensnar'd  
 Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd  
 On him who had stole *Joves* authentic fire.

Thus at thir shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood  
 Both turn'd, and under op'n Skie ador'd  
 The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth and Heav'n  
 Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe  
 And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,  
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,  
 Which we in our appointed work employd  
 Have finish'd happie in our mutual help  
 And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss  
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place  
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race



To fill the Earth, who shall with us exult  
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
 And when we sleep, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other Rites  
 Observing none, but adoration pure  
 Which God likes best, into thir inmost bowre  
 Handed they went, and eas'd the pursuing off  
 These troublesome disguises which we wear,  
 Strait side by side were laid, nor turn'd I weena  
*Adam* from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the Rites  
 Myst'rious of connubial Love refus'd:  
 Whatever Hypocrites austere talk  
 Of puritie and place and innocence,  
 Defaming as impure what God declares  
 Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.  
 Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain  
 But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?  
 Haile wed'ed Love, mysterious Law, true source  
 Of human offspring, sole proprietie,  
 In Paradise of all things common else,  
 By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men  
 Among the bestial herds to range, by thee  
 Founded in Reason, Loyal, just, and Pure,  
 Relations dear, and all the Charities  
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.  
 Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbecoming holiest place,  
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,  
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,  
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.  
 Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights  
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels, not in the bought smile  
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, undeard,

Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours  
 Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,  
 Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
 These lulld by Nightingales imbracing slept,  
 And on thir naked limbs the flowrie roof  
 Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on  
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie Cone  
 Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,  
 And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood armd  
 To thir night watches in warlike Parade,  
 When *Gabriel* to his nearin power thus spake.

*Uriel*, half these draw off, and coast the South  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,  
 Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part  
 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.  
 From these, two strong and suttile Spirits be calld  
 That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

*Ithuriel* and *Zephon*, with wingd speed  
 Search through this Garden, leave unsearcht no nook,  
 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.  
 This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd  
 Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd  
 The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:  
 Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant Files,  
 Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct  
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found  
 Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of Eve;

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Affaying by his Devilish art to reach  
The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge  
Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,  
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise  
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise  
At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,  
Vaine hopes, vaine almes, inordinate desires  
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.  
Him thus intent *Isurriel* with his Spear  
Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure  
Touch of Celestial temper, but returns  
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
Discoversd and surpriz'd. As when a spark  
Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid  
Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store  
Against a rumord VVarr, the Smuttie graine  
VVith sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:  
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.  
Back slept those two faire Angels half amaz'd  
So sudden to behold the grieslie King;  
Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell  
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,  
VVhy sat'st thou like an enemie in waite  
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then said *Satan*, fill'd with scorn,  
Know ye not mee? ye knew me once no mate  
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;  
Not to know mee argues your selves unknown,  
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,  
VVhy ask ye, and superfluous begin  
Your message, like to end as much in vain?  
To whom thus *Zephon*, answering scorn with scorn.

Think

Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,  
 Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known  
 As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure;  
 That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,  
 Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now  
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule;  
 But come, for thou, before, shalt give account  
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke  
 Severe in youthful beaultie, added grace  
 Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,  
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
 Vertue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd  
 His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd  
 His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seem'd  
 Undaunted. If I must contend; said he,  
 Best with the best, the Sender not the sent;  
 Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,  
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,  
 Will save us trial what the least can doe  
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;  
 But like a proud Steed reind, went haucie on,  
 Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie  
 He held it vain, awe from above had quell'd  
 His heart, not else dismal'd. Now drew they nigh  
 The western Point, where those half-rounding guards  
 Just met, and closing stood in Squadron joind  
 Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief  
*Gabriel* from the Front thus call'd aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
 Hastling this way, and now by glimps discern  
*Jaharial* and *Zephon* through the shade,

And

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And with them comes a third of Regal port,  
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait  
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest;  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approached  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture couch.

To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.  
Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example, but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Implo'd it seems to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus *Satan*, with contemptuous brow.  
*Gabriel*, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question ask  
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thy self, no  
And boldly venture to whatever place (doubt,  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompence  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;  
To thee no reason; who knowst only good,  
But evil hast not tri'd: and wilt object  
His will who bound us? let him surer barr  
His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.  
The rest is true, they found me where they say;  
But that implies not violence or harme.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,  
Disdain-

Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.  
 O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,  
 Since *Satan* fell, whom follie overthrew,  
 And now returns him from his prison scap't,  
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
 Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;  
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
 However, and to scape his punishment.  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,  
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
 Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
 Can equal anger infinite provok't.  
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them  
 Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they  
 Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,  
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd frowning stern.  
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
 Insulting Angel, well thou know'st I stood  
 Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide  
 Thy blasting volied Thunder made all speed  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.  
 But still thy words at random, as before,  
 Argue thy inexperience what behooves  
 From hard affaies and ill successes past  
 A faithful Leader, not to hazard all  
 Through wayes of danger by himself untrid,  
 I therefore, I alone first undertook

To wing the desolate Abyſs, and ſpie  
This new created World, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not ſilent, here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
To ſettle here on Earth, or in mid Aire,  
Though for poſſeſſion put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay Legions dare againſt;  
Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve thir Lord  
High up in Heav'n, with ſongs to hymne his Throne,  
And practis'd diſtances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warriour Angel, ſoon repli'd.  
To ſay and ſtrait unſay, pretending firſt  
Wiſe to flie pain, profeſſing next the Spie,  
Argues no Leader but a lyar trac't,  
*Satan*, and couldſt thou faithful add? O name;  
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!  
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;  
Was this your diſcipline and faith ingag'd,  
Your military obedience, to diſſolve  
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power ſupream?  
And thou ſly hypocrite, who now wouldſt ſeem  
Patron of liberty, who more then thou  
Once ſawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervilly ador'd  
Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
To diſpoſſeſs him, and thy ſelf to reigne?  
But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;  
Flie thither whence thou fledſt: if from this houre  
Within theſe hallow'd limits thou appeer,  
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,  
And Seale thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorne  
Theſe facill gates of hell too ſlightly barrd.

So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats  
Gav' heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,  
 Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then  
 Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,  
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright  
 Turn'd fierie red, sharpening in mooned borses  
 Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round  
 With ported Spears, as thick as when a field  
 Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands  
 Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On th' other side *Satan* allarm'd  
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
 Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd:  
 His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest  
 Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe  
 What seemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful  
 Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise (deeds  
 In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope  
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements  
 At least had gon to rack, disturbd and torne  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe,  
 Wherein all things created first he weighd,  
 The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;



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The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;  
Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend.

*Satan*, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,  
Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then  
To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more  
Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubl'd now  
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,  
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign (weak,  
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how  
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew  
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

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*The End of the Fourth Book.*

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# Paradise Lost.

## BOOK V.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Morning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Thir Morning Hymn at the Door of thir Bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; thir discourse at Table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adams request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North*

*North, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument disswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.*

**N**OW Morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with Orient Pearle,  
 When *Adam* wak't, so custom'd, for his sleep  
 Was Aerie light from pure digestion bred,  
 And temperat vapors bland, which th' only sound  
 Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,  
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill *Matin* Song  
 Of Birds on every bough; so much the more  
 His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*  
 With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,  
 As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
 Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice  
 Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake  
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
 Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how Spring  
 Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,  
 What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmie Reed,  
 How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee  
 Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye  
 On *Adam*, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see  
 Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,

Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,  
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day pass'd, or morrows next design,  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksom night; methought  
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,  
 Why sleepest thou *Eve*? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake  
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns  
 Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,  
 If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
 Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,  
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
 To find thee I directed then my walk;  
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree  
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,  
 Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:  
 And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood  
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n  
 By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd  
*Ambrosia*; on that Tree he also gaz'd;  
 And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
 Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd?  
 Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offerd good. why else set here?  
 This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme

He

He pluckt, he tasted ; mee damp horror chil'd  
 At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold :  
 But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,  
 Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,  
 Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit  
 For God's, yet able to make Gods of Men :  
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant growes,  
 The Author not impair'd, but honourd more ?  
 Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,  
 Partake thou also ; happie though thou art,  
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be :  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
 Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,  
 But sometimes in the Air, as wee ; sometimes  
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see  
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
 Which he had pluckt ; the pleasant savourie smell  
 So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide  
 And various : wondring at my sight and change  
 To this high exaltation ; suddenly  
 My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep ; but O how glad I wak'd  
 To find this but a dream ! Thus *Eve* her Night  
 Related, and thus *Adam* answerd sad.

Best Image of my self and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally ; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear ;

Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know that in the Soule  
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve  
 Reason as chief; among these Fancie next  
 Her office holds; of all external things,  
 Which the five watchful Senses represent,  
 She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,  
 Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames  
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
 Into her private Cell when Nature rests.  
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancie wakes  
 To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,  
 Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
 Som such resemblances methinks I find  
 Of our last Eevenings talk, in this thy dream,  
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad.  
 Evil into the mind of God or Man  
 May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
 Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks  
 That wont to be more chearful and serene  
 Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise  
 Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours  
 That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells  
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,

Each

Each in thir Chrystal sluice, hee ere they fell  
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that feard to have offended.

So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.  
But first from under shadie arborous roof,  
Soon as they forth were come to open light  
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen  
With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,  
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,  
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East  
Of Paradise and *Edens* happie Plains,  
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
Thir Orisons, each Morning duly paid  
In various style, for neither various style  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung  
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse,  
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp  
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almightie, thine this universal Frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sittest above these Heavens  
To us invilible or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works, yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine;  
Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light,  
Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, Day without Night,  
Circle his Throne rejoycing, yee in Heav'n,  
On Earth joyn all ye Creatures to extoll  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,

IF

If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn  
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare  
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.  
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,  
Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb st,  
And when high Noon hast gaind, and when thou fall st.  
Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now flit  
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,  
And yee five other wandring Fires that move  
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound  
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light,  
Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth  
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,  
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolour'd skie,  
Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.  
Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,  
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;  
Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk

The



The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,  
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade  
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.  
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
To give us onely good; and if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts  
Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.  
On to thir mornings rural work they haste  
Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row  
Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr  
Thir pamp'rd boughes, and needed hands to check  
Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine  
To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dower th' adopted Clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld  
With pittie Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd  
*Raphael*, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd  
To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd  
His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

*Raphael*, said hee, thou hear'st what stir on Earth  
*Satan* from Hell scap't through the darksome Gulf  
Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturbd  
This night the human pair, how he designs  
In them at once to ruin all mankind.  
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
Converse with *Adam*, in what Bowre or shade  
Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,  
To respite his day-labour with repast,  
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,  
As may advise him of his happie state,

Happiness

Happiness in his power left free to will,  
 Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,  
 Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware  
 He swerve not too secure: tell him withall  
 His danger, and from whom, what enemy  
 Late falln himself from Heav'n, is plotting now  
 The fall of others from like state of bliss;  
 By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,  
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,  
 Least wilfully transgressing he pretend  
 Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarnd.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld  
 All Justice: nor delayd the winged Saint  
 After his charge receivd; but from among  
 Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood  
 Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all th' Empyrean road; till at the Gate  
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide  
 On golden Hinges turning, as by work  
 Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.  
 From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
 Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining Globes,  
 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd  
 Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass  
 Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes  
 Imagin'd Lands and Regions in the Moon:  
 Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*  
*Delos* or *Samos* first appeering kenns  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie  
 Sailes between worlds and worlds, with steddie wing  
 Now

Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann  
 Winnows the buxom Air; till withjn soare  
 Of Towing Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems  
 A *Phoenix*, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird  
 When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's  
 Bright Temple, to *Egyptian Theb's* he flies.  
 At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his brest  
 With regal Ornament; the middle pair  
 Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round  
 Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold  
 And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet  
 Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile  
 Skie-rinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* son he stood,  
 And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld  
 The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands  
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,  
 And to his message high in honour rise;  
 For on som message high they guesd him bound.  
 Thir glittering Tents he pasd, and now is come  
 Into the blisful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,  
 And flourishing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;  
 A Wildernis of sweets; for Nature here  
 Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will  
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wilde above Rule or Art; enormous blis.  
 Him through the spicie Forrest onward com  
*Adam* discernd, as in the dore he sat  
 Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun  
 Shot down direct his seruid Raies to warme  
 Earths inmost womb, more warmth then *Adam* needs,  
 And

And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd  
 For dinner savourie fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,  
 Berrie or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

Haste hither *Eve*, and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape  
 Comes this way moving; seems another Morn  
 Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav'n  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,  
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure  
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
 Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford  
 Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies  
 Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earths hallowd mould,  
 Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:  
 But I will haste and from each bough and break,  
 Each Plant and jucieft Gourd will pluck such choice  
 To entertain our Angel guest, as hee  
 Beholding shall confesse that here on Earth  
 God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
 What choice to chuse for delicacie best,  
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
 Tastes, nor well joynd, inelegant, but bring  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,

*Bestirs*

Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yields  
In *India* East or West, or middle shore  
In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coast, or where  
*Alcinous* reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coate,  
Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell  
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape  
She crushes, inoffensive moult, and meathes  
From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels press  
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground  
With Rose and Odours from the shrub untum'd.  
Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet  
His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train  
Accompani'd then with his own compleat  
Perfections, in himself was all his state,  
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits  
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long  
Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold  
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.  
Nearer his presence *Adam* though not awd,  
Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,  
As to a superior Nature, bowing low,

Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place  
None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;  
Since by descending from the Thrones above,  
Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while  
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us  
Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess  
This spacious ground, in yonder shady Bowre  
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.

Whom

Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd milde,  
*Adam*, I therefore came, nor art thou such  
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n  
To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre  
Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Evening rise  
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge  
They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd  
With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but *Eve*  
Undeck't, save with her self more lovely fair  
Then Wood-Nymph; or the fairest Goddess feign'd  
Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,  
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile  
Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme  
Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*  
Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd  
Long after to blest *Mary*, second *Eve*.

Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb  
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons  
Then with these various fruits the Trees of God  
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf  
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,  
And on her ample Square from side to side  
All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here  
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began  
Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd  
The Earth to yield; unsavourie food perha:s  
To spiritual Natures; only this I know,  
That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives  
 ( Whose praise be ever sung ) to man in part  
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
 No ingratel food : and food alike those pure  
 Intelligent substances require  
 As doth your Rational ; and both contain  
 Within them every lower facultie  
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste ;  
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
 For know, whatever was created, needs  
 To be sustaind and fed ; of Elements  
 The grosser feeds the purer, Earth the Sea,  
 Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires  
 Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon ;  
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
 Vapours not yet into her substance turnd.  
 Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale  
 From her moist Continent to higher Orbes,  
 The Sun that light imparts to all, receives  
 From all his alimential recompence  
 In humid exhalations, and at Even  
 Sups with the Ocean : though in Heav'n the Trees  
 Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines  
 Yield Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn  
 We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground  
 Cover'd with pearly grain : yet God hath here  
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with Heaven, and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
 And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly  
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
 Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger, and concōctive heat

To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires  
 Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder, if by fire  
 Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchymist  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn  
 Metals of drossiest Ore to perfect Gold  
 As from the Mine. Mean while at Table Eve  
 Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence  
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin  
 Enamour'd at that sight, but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,  
 Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose  
 In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass  
 Given him by this great Conference to know  
 Of things above his World, and of thir being  
 Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms  
 Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far  
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech  
 Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd.

Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd  
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,  
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
 At Heav'n's high feasts to have sed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.  
 O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom  
 All things proceed, and up to him return,  
 If not deprav'd from good, created all



Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
 Indu'd with various forms, various degrees  
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life;  
 But more refin'd, more spirious, and pure,  
 As neerer to him plac'd or neerer tending  
 Each in thir severall active Spheres assign'd,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
 Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
 More aerie, last the bright consummate floure  
 Spirits odorous breathes: Flour and thir fruit  
 Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd  
 To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,  
 To intellectual, give both life and sense,  
 Fantasie and understanding, whence the Soule  
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
 Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse  
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance, time may come when men  
 With Angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:  
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,  
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
 Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice  
 Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell;  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entire  
 Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy  
 Your fill what happiness this happie state  
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd,  
 O favourable spirit, propitious guest,  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set  
 From center to circumference, whereon  
 In contemplation of created things  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution joind, *if ye be found*  
*Obedient*? can we want obedience then  
 To him, or possibly his love desert  
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,  
 Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;  
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,  
 That is, to thy obedience: therein stand.  
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.  
 God made thee perfect, not immutable;  
 And good he made thee, but to persevere  
 He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will  
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate  
 Inextricable, or strict necessity;  
 Our voluntarie service he requires,  
 Not our necessitated, such with him  
 Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how  
 Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve  
 Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By Destinie, and can no other choose?  
 My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand  
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state  
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;  
 On other surety none; freely we serve,  
 Because wee freely love, as in our will

To love or not; in this we stand or fall:  
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall  
From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words  
Attentive, and with more delighted care,  
Divine instructor, I have heard, then when  
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills  
Aereal Music lend: nor knew I not  
To be both will and deed created free;  
Yet that we never shall forget to love  
Our maker, and obey him whose command  
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assur'd me, and still assure: though what thou tell'st  
Hath past in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,  
But more desire to hear, if thou consent.  
The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;  
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun  
Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins  
His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.

Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*  
After short pause assenting, thus began.  
High matter thou injoin'st me, O prime of men,  
Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate  
To human sense th' invisible exploits  
Of warring Spirits; how without remorse  
The ruin of so many glorious once  
And perfect while they stood; how last unsould  
The secrets of another world, perhaps  
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good  
This is dispens'd, and what surmounts the reach  
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,

As may expresse them best, though what if Earth  
Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein  
Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wilde  
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth  
Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day (now rests  
(For time, though in Eternitie, appl'd  
To motion, measures all things durable  
By present, past, and future) on such day  
As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Emphyreal Host  
Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,  
Innumerable before th' Almightyes Throne  
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd  
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright  
Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,  
Standards, and Gonfalons twix Van and Reare  
Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve  
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;  
Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd  
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love  
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes  
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,  
By whom in blis imbosom'd sat the Son,  
Amidst as from a flaming Mount, whose top  
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,  
*Hear my Decree, which unrevoک't shall stand.*  
This day I have begot whom I declare  
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill  
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;  
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow

All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord :  
Under his great Vice-gerent Raign abide  
United as one individual Soule  
For ever happie : him who disobeyes  
Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day  
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
Into utter darkness, deep ingulf't, his place  
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words  
All seem'd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all  
That day, as other solemn dayes, they spent  
In song and dance about the sacred Hill,  
Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare  
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles  
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
Then most, when most irregular they seem,  
And in thir motions harmonie Divine  
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear  
Listens delighted. Eevning now approach'd  
(For wee have also our Eevning and our Morn,  
Wee ours for change delectable, not need )  
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,  
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows  
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,  
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.  
On flours repos'd, and with fresh flourets crown'd,  
They eate, they drink, and in communion sweet  
Quaff immortalitie and joy, secure  
Of surfeit where full measure onely bounds  
Excess, before th' all bounteous King, who shew'd  
With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy.

Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd  
 From that high mount of God, whence light & shade  
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd  
 To grateful Twilight ( for Night comes not there  
 In darker veile ) and roseat Dew's dispos'd  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,  
 Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr  
 Then all this globous Earth in Plain out spread,  
 ( Such are the Courts of God ) Th' Angelic throng  
 Dispers'd in Bands and Files thir Camp extend  
 By living Streams among the Trees of Life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,  
 Celestial Tabernacles, where they sleep  
 Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir course  
 Melodioud Hymns about the sovrain Throne  
 Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd  
*Satan*, so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,  
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,  
 In favour and præminence, yet fraught  
 With envie against the Son of God, that day  
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
*Messiah* King anointed, could not beare  
 Through pride that sight, & thought himself impair'd.  
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
 Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipt, unbey'd the Throne su. ream  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepest thou Companion dear, what sleep can close  
 Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree

Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips  
Of Heav'n's Almightye. Thou to me thy thoughts  
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;  
Both waking we were one; how then can now  
Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd;  
New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate  
What doubtful may ensue, more in this place  
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;  
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night  
Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
And all who under me thir Banners wave,  
Homeward with flying march where we possess  
The Quarters of the North, there to prepare  
Fit entertainment to receive our King  
The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
Bad influence into th' unwarie brest  
Of his Associate; hee together calls,  
Or severall one by one, the Regent Powers,  
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,  
That the most High commanding, now ere Night,  
Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav'n,  
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd  
The wonted signal, and superior voice  
Of thir great Potentare; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;

His

His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides  
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Host :  
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount  
And from within the golden Lamps that burne  
Nightly before him, saw without thir light  
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high Decree ;  
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,  
Nerly it now concernes us to be sure  
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms  
We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe  
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne  
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North ;  
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
In battel, what our Power is, or our right.  
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
With speed what force is left, and all employ  
In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer  
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,  
Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes  
Justly hast in derision, and secure  
Laugh'st at thir vain designs and tumults vain,  
Matter to mee of Glóry, whom thir hate  
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power  
Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event

Know



Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

So spake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers  
Far was advanc't on winged speed, an Host  
Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,  
Or Starrs of Morning. Dew-drops, which the Sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
Regions they pass'd, the mighrie Regencies  
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones  
In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which  
All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more  
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,  
And all the Sea, from one entire globe  
Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd  
At length into the limits of the North  
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat  
High on a Hill, far blawing, as a Mount  
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towers  
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, and Rocks of Gold,  
The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call  
That Structure in the Dialect of men  
Interpreted) which not long after, he  
Affecting all equality with God,  
In imitation of that Mount whereon  
*Messiah* was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,  
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
For thither he assembl'd all his Train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of thir King,  
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art  
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.

(ers;

Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues, Pow-  
If these magnific Titles yet remain

Not

Not meerly titular, since by Decree  
Another now hath to himself ingross'd  
All Power, and us eclips'd under the name  
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
This onely to consult how we may best  
With what may be devis'd of honours new  
Receive him coming to receive from us  
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,  
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?  
But what if better counsels might erect  
Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?  
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend  
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
To know ye right, or if ye know your selves  
Natives and Sons of Heav'n possess'd before  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees  
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.  
Who can in reason then or right assume  
Monarchie over such as live by right  
His equals, if in power and splendor less,  
Infreedom equal? or can introduce  
Law and Edict on us, who without law  
Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,  
And look for adoration to th' abuse  
Of those Imperial Titles which assert  
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

Thus farr his bold discourse without controule  
Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
*Abdiel*, then whom none with more zeale ador'd  
The Deitie, and divine commands obey'd,

Stood

Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe  
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud !

Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n

Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate

In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.

Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne

The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,

That to his only Son by right endu'd

With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n

Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due

Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist

Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,

And equal over equals to let Reigne,

One over all with unsucceded power.

Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute

With him the points of libertie, who made

Thee what thou art, and formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n

Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd thir being?

Yet by experience taught we know how good,

And of our good, and of our dignitie

How provident he is, how farr from thought

To make us less, bent rather to exalt

Our happie state under one Head more neer

United. But to grant it thee unjust,

That equal over equals Monarch Reigne :

Thy self though great and glorious dost thou count,

Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,

Equal to him begotten Son, by whom

As by his Word the mighty Father made

All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n

By him created in thir bright degrees,

Crownd them with Glory, and to thir Glory nam'd

Thrones,

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,  
 Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,  
 But more illustrious made, since he the Head  
 One of our number thus reduc't becomes,  
 His Laws our Laws; all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage;  
 And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease  
 Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,  
 While Pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd  
 Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd:  
 That we were form'd then saist thou? and the work  
 Of secundarie hands, by task transferd  
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!  
 Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who  
 When this creation was? rememberst thou? (saw  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
 We know no time when we were not as now;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rai'd  
 By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course  
 Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature  
 Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.  
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;  
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep  
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause  
 Through the infinite Host, nor less for that  
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone  
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answerd bold.

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,  
 Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall  
 Determind, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth  
 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke  
 Of Gods *Messiah*; those indulgent Laws  
 Will not be now voutsaf't, other Decrees  
 Against thee are gon forth without recall;  
 That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject  
 Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake  
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
 Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly  
 These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrath  
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel  
 His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
 Then who created thee lamenting learne,  
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful sound,  
 Among the faithless, faithful only hee;  
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
 Unshak'n, unseduc'd, untterrifi'd  
 His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;  
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,

Long

Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
On those proud Towers to swift destruction doom'd.

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*The End of the Fifth Book.*

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# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK VI.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Council, invents devilish Engines, which in the second dayes Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that Victory: Hee in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

L

ALL

**A**LL night the dreadful Angel unpursu'd  
Through Heav'n's wide Champain held his  
way, till Morn,

Wak't by the circling Hours, with roſie hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave  
Within the Mount of God, faſt by his Throne,  
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round  
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through  
Grateful viciffitude, like Day and Night; (Heav'n  
Light iſſues forth, and at the other dore  
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her houre (well  
To veile the Heav'n, though darkneſs there might  
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn  
Such as in higheſt Heav'n, arrayd in Gold  
Empyrean, from before her vaniſht Night,  
Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain  
Coverd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,  
Chariots and flaming Armes, and ſerie Steeds  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view:  
Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and ſound  
Already known what he for news had thought  
To have reported: gladly then he mixt  
Among thoſe friendly Powers who him receav'd  
With joy and acclamations loud, that one  
That of ſo many Myriads fall'n, yet one  
Returnd not loſt: On to the ſacred hill  
They led him high applauded, and preſent  
Before the ſeat ſupream; from whence a voice  
From miſt a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well haſt thou fought.  
The better fight, who ſingle ha'ſt maintaind  
Againſt revolted multitudes the Cauſe  
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;  
And for the teſtimonie of Truth haſt born Uni-



Universal reproach, far worse to beare  
 Then violence : for this was all thy care  
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds  
 Judg'd thee perverse : the easier conquest now  
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
 Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
 By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,  
 Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King  
*Messiah*, who by right of merit Reigns.  
 Go *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,  
 And thou in Military prowess next  
*Gabriel*, lead forth to Battell these my Sons  
 Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints  
 By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight ;  
 Equal in number to that Godless crew  
 Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms  
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
 Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,  
 Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf  
 Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide  
 His fiery *Chaos* to receive thir fall.

So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began  
 To darken all the Hill, and smook to rowl  
 In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe  
 Of wrauth awak't : nor with less dread the loud  
 Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow :  
 At which command the Powers Militant,  
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd  
 Of Union irresistibile, mov'd on  
 In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound  
 Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd  
 Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds  
 Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause

Of God and his *Messiah*. On they move  
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,  
 Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides  
 Thir perfect ranks; for high above the ground  
 Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore  
 Thir nimble tread, as when the total kind  
 Of Birds in orderly array on wing  
 Came summond over *Eden* to receive  
 Thir names of thee; so over many a tract  
 Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide  
 Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last  
 Farr in th' Horizon to the North appear'd  
 From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht  
 In battailous aspect, and neerer view  
 Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable  
 Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields  
 Various, with boastful Argument portraid,  
 The banded Powers of *Satan* halting on  
 With furious expedition; for they weend  
 That self same day by fight, or by surprize  
 To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne  
 To set the envier of his State, the proud  
 Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain  
 In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd  
 At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,  
 And in fierce holling meet, who wont to meet  
 So oft in Festivals of joy and love  
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire  
 Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout  
 Of Battel now began, and rushing sound  
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
 High in the midst exalted as a God  
 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sat  
 Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd

With

With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;  
 Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now  
 Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,  
 A dreadful intervall, and Front to Front  
 Presented stood in terrible array  
 Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,  
 On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,  
*Satan* with vast and haughtie strides advanc'd,  
 Came towering, arm'd in Adamant and Gold;  
*Abdiel* that sight endur'd not, where he stood  
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest  
 Should yet remain, where faith and realtie  
 Remain not; wherefore shou'd not strength and might  
 There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove  
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?  
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,  
 I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd  
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,  
 That he who in debate of Truth hath won,  
 Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike  
 Victor; though brutish that contest and soule,  
 When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
 Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers  
 Forth stepping opposite, half way he met  
 His daring foe, at this prevention more  
 Incens'd, and thus securely him des'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht  
 The highah of thy aspiring unoppos'd,  
 The Throne of God unguarded, and his side  
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power  
 Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain

Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;  
 Who out of smallest things could without end  
 Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat  
 Thy folly; or with solitarie hand  
 Reaching beyond all limit at one blow  
 Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelmd  
 Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest  
 All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith  
 Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then  
 To thee not visible, when I alone  
 Seemd in thy World erroneous to dissent  
 From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late  
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err,

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askeance  
 Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre  
 Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst  
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue  
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose  
 A third part of the Gods, in Synod met  
 Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel  
 Vigour Divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst  
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
 From me som Plume, that thy success may show  
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between  
 (Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know;  
 At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n  
 To heav'nly Soules had bin all one; but now  
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
 Ministring S; irits, traid up in Feast and Song;  
 Such halt thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,  
 Servilitie with freedom to contend,

As both thiz deeds compar'd this day shall prove,

To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli'd.

Apostat, still thou errst, nor end wilt find

Of erring, from the path of truth remote :

Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name

Of *Servitude* to serve whom God ordains,

Or Nature ; God and Nature bid the same,

When he who rules is worthiest, and excells

Them whom he governs. This is servitude,

To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd

Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,

Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd ;

Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.

Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve

In Heav'n God ever blest, and his Divine

Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,

Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect : mean while

From mee return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,

This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,

Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell

On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no sight,

Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield

Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge

He back recoild ; the tenth on bended knee

His massie Spear upstaid ; as if on Earth

Winds under ground or waters forcing way

Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his seat

Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seiz'd

The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see

Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy fill'd, and shour,

Prefage of Victorie and fierce desire

Of Battel : whereat *Michael* bid sound

Th' Arch-Angel trumpet, through the vast of Heaven

It founded, and the faithful Armies rung  
*Hosanna* to the Highest: nor stood at gaze  
The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd  
The horrid shock: now storming furie rose,  
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now  
Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding Wheels  
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,  
And flying vaulted either Host with fire.  
So under herie Cope together rush'd  
Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n  
Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth  
Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when  
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These Elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power  
Armie against Armie numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;  
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd  
And limited thir might; though numberd such  
As each divided Legion might have seem'd  
A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand  
A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader seem'd  
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of Battel, open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed

That

That argu'd fear; each on himself rel'd,  
 As onely in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame  
 Were don, but infinite: for wide was spread  
 That Warr and various; sometimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
 Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then  
 Conflicting Fire: long time in even scale  
 The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day  
 Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes  
 No equal, raunging through the dire attack  
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
 Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd  
 Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down  
 Wide waisting; such destruction to withstand  
 He halted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb  
 Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield  
 A vast circumference: At his approach  
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile  
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end  
 Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd  
 Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown  
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
 These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self  
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd  
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into Nature brought  
 Miseric, uncreated till the crime  
 Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd  
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
 And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here

To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out  
 From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss  
 Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.  
 Hence thou, and evil go with thee along  
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,  
 Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,  
 Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
 Precipitate thee with augmented paine.

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus  
 The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind  
 Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds  
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
 Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with mee  
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
 To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end  
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style  
 The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win,  
 Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell  
 Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
 If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,  
 And join him nam'd *Almighty* to thy aid,  
 I flie not, but have sought thee farr and nigh.

They ended parle, and both addrest for fight  
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue  
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such height  
 Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seem'd,  
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms  
 Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.  
 Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire  
 Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields

Blaz'd



Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth  
 Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,  
 Among the Constellations warr were sprung.  
 Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,  
 Should combat, and thir jarring Spears confound.  
 Together both with next to Almighty Arme,  
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determine, and not need repeate,  
 As not of power, at once; nor odds appeard  
 In might or swift prevention; but the sword  
 Of *Michael* from the Armorie of God  
 Was giv'n him temperd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
 The sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,  
 But with swift wheele reverse, deep enring shar'd  
 All his right side; then *Satan* first knew pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd  
 Not long divisible, and from the gash  
 A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd  
 Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,  
 And all his Armour staid ere while so bright.  
 Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run  
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields  
 Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of warr; there they him laid

Gnashing

Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power.  
 Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In Entrails, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die;  
 Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:  
 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,  
 All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,  
 They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd  
 Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,  
 And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array  
 Of *Moloch* furious King who him desl'd,  
 And at his Chariot wheelles to drag him bound  
 Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n  
 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon  
 Down clov'n to the waste, with shatter'd Armes  
 And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing  
*Uriel* and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Arm'd,  
 Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmodai*,  
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods  
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in thir flight,  
 Mangl'd with gally wounds through Plate and Maille,  
 Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy  
 The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow  
*Ariel* and *Arise*, and the violence  
 Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.  
 I might relate of thousands, and thir names

Eternize

Eternize here on Earth; but those elect  
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n  
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort  
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,  
Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome  
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,  
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.  
For strength from Truth divided and from Just,  
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise  
And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires  
Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:  
Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome.

And now thir Mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,  
With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout  
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap  
Chariot and Charioter lay overturned  
And fierie foaming Steeds; what flood, recoild  
Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host  
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine  
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.  
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints  
In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,  
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:  
Such high advantages thir innocence  
Gave them above thir foes, not to have sin'd,  
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood  
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n  
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,

And

And silence on the odious din of Wars;  
 Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,  
 Victor and Vanquish'd: on the foughren field  
*Michael* and his Angels prevalent  
 Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part  
*Satan* with his rebellious disappeerd,  
 Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,  
 His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;  
 And in the midst thus undismaid began.

O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes  
 Not to be overpower'd, Companions deare,  
 Found worthy not of Libertie alone,  
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,  
 Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,  
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight  
 ( And if one day, why not Eternal dayes? )  
 What Heavens Lord had powerfuller to send  
 Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,  
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,  
 Since now we find this our Emphyreal form  
 Incapable of mortal injurie  
 Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,  
 Soon closing and by native vigour heal'd.  
 Of evil then so small as easie think  
 The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet;  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,

In Nature none: If other hidden cause  
Left them Superiour, while we can preserve  
Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,  
Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat, and in th' assembly next upstood  
*Nisus*, of Principalities the prime;  
As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,  
Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,  
And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.  
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard  
For Gods, and too unequal work we find  
Against unequal armes to fight in paine,  
Against unpaid, impassive; from which evil  
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain  
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
But live content, which is the calmest life:  
But pain is perfect miserie, the worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturnes  
All patience. He who therefore can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend  
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme  
Our selves with like defence, to me deserves  
No less then for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* repli'd  
Not unvented that, which thou aright  
Believest so main to our success, I bring;  
Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this Etherious mould whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd  
With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,  
Whose

Whose Eye so superficially surveyes :  
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
 Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht  
 With Heav'n's ray, and temperd they shoot forth  
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.  
 These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep  
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,  
 Which into hallow Engins long and round  
 Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
 Dilated and insuriate shall send forth  
 From far with thundring noise among our foes  
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
 To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands  
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
 Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,  
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive ;  
 Abandon fear ; to strength and counsel joind  
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.  
 He ended, and his words thir drooping chere  
 Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd,  
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how bee  
 To be th' inventer mis'd, so easie it seem'd  
 Once found, which yet unsound most would have  
 Impossible : yet haply of thy Race (thought  
 In future dayes, if Malice should abound,  
 Some content on mischief, or inspir'd  
 With dev'lish machination might devise  
 Like instrument to plague the Sons of men  
 For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.  
 Forthwith from Councel to the work they flew,  
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands  
 Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd

Wide the Celestial soile; and saw beneath  
 Th' originals of Nature in thir crude  
 Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame  
 They found, they mingl'd, and with subtle Art,  
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:  
 Part hidd'n veins digg'd up (nor hath this Earth  
 Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,  
 Whereof to found thir Engines and thir Balls  
 Of missive ruin, part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.  
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night  
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
 With silent circumspection unesp'd.  
 Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd  
 Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms  
 The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood  
 Of Golden Panoplie, resurgent Host,  
 Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills  
 Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed  
 Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe, (scoutre;  
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
 In motion or in alt: him soon they met  
 Under spred Ensignes moving nigh, in slow  
 But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail  
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
 Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.

Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,  
 Whom fled we thought, will give us long pursuit  
 This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud  
 He comes, and settl'd in his face I see  
 Sad resolution and secure: let each  
 His Adamantine coat gird well, and each  
 Firwell his Helme, gripe fast his orb'd Shield,

Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down;  
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,  
 But rattling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.  
 So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon  
 In order, quit of all impediment;  
 Instant without disturb they took Alarm,  
 And onward move Embattel'd; when behold  
 Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe  
 Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube  
 Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd  
 On every side with shadding Squadrons Deep,  
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
 A while, but suddenly at head appeerd  
*Satan*: And thus was heard Commanding loud.

Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unsould;  
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
 Peace and compofure, and with open brest  
 Stand readie to receive them, if they like  
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;  
 But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,  
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge  
 Freely our part; yee who appointed stand  
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words he scarce,  
 Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front  
 Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.  
 Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange,  
 A triple mounted row of Pillars laid  
 On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd  
 Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr  
 With branches lop't, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)  
 Brass, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes  
 With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,



Portending hollow truce ; at each behind  
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed  
 Stood waving tip with fire ; while we suspense ;  
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
 Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds  
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd  
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
 But soon obscur'd with smoak, all Heav'n appeerd,  
 From those deep throated Engins belchr, whose roar  
 Emboweld with outrageous noise the Air,  
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging soule  
 Thir devilish glut, chaind Thunderbolts and Hail  
 Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host  
 Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,  
 That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand ;  
 Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell  
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd ;  
 The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might  
 Have easily as Spirits evaded swift  
 By quick contraction or remove ; but now  
 Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout ;  
 Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files.  
 What should they do ? if on they rush'd, repulse  
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
 Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd ;  
 And to thir foes a laughter ; for in view  
 Stood rankt of Seraphim another row  
 In posture to displode thir second tire  
 Of Thunder : back defeated to return  
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld thir plight,  
 And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud ?  
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,  
 To entertain them fair with open Front

And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms  
 Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,  
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd  
 Somewhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps  
 For joy of offerd peace: but I suppose  
 If our proposals once again were heard  
 We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesom mood,  
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
 And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,  
 Had need from head to foot well understand;  
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant veine  
 Stood scoffing, hightn'd in thir thoughts beyond  
 All doubt of Victorie, eternal might  
 To match with thir inventions they presum'd  
 So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,  
 And all his Host derided, while they stood  
 A while in trouble; but they stood not long,  
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
 Forthwith ( behold the excellence, the power  
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd )  
 Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills  
 ( For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n  
 Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale )  
 Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,  
 From thir foundations loosning to and fro  
 They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,  
 Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops

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Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,  
 Be sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host,  
 When coming towards them so dread they saw  
 The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,  
 Till on those cursed Engins triple-row  
 They saw them whelm'd, and all thir confidence  
 Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,  
 Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads  
 Main Promontories flung, which in the Air  
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole Legions arm'd,  
 Thir armor help'd thir harm, crush't in and bruis'd  
 Into thir substance pent, which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
 Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
 The rest in imitation to like Armes  
 Berook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore ;  
 So Hills amid the Air encounter'd Hills  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
 That under ground, they fought in dismal shade ;  
 Infernal noise ; Warr seem'd a civil Game  
 To this uproar ; horrid confusion heapt  
 Upon confusion rose : and now all Heav'n  
 Had gon to wrack, with ruin overspred,  
 Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits  
 Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd :  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfill,  
 To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All power on him transferr'd : whence to his Son  
 Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,  
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
 Visibly, what by Deitie I am,  
 And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,  
 Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,  
 Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,  
 Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame  
 These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,  
 As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;  
 For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,  
 Equal in their Creation they were form'd,  
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought  
 Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;  
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
 Endless, and no solution will be found:  
 Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,  
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines, (makes  
 With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which  
 Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.  
 Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;  
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr  
 Have sufferd, that the Glorie may bethine  
 Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou  
 Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace  
 Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know  
 In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,  
 And this perverse Commotion governd thus,  
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
 Of all things, to be Heir and to be King  
 By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.  
 Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might,  
 Ascend my Chariot. guide the rapid Wheelles  
 That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my Warr,  
 My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms

Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;  
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out  
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter Deep:  
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct  
Shon full, he all his Father full exprest  
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,  
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst  
To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,  
As is most just; this I my Glorie account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will  
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,  
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee  
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st:  
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,  
To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down  
To chains of darkness, and th' undying Worm,  
That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure  
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount  
Unfained *Halleluiahs* to thee sing,  
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.  
So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose  
From the right hand of Glorie where he sat,

And the third sacred Morn began to shine  
 Dawning through Heav'n : forth rush'd with whirl-  
 The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, ( wind sound  
 Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele un-  
 It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd drawn,  
 By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each  
 Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all  
 And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the wheels  
 Of Beryl, and careering Fires between ;  
 Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,  
 Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.  
 Hee in Celestial Panoplie all arm'd  
 Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended, at his right hand Victorie  
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow  
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,  
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld  
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire ;  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
 He onward came, farr off his coming shon,  
 And twentie thousand ( I thir number heard )  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen :  
 Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
 On the Chrystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.  
 Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own  
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,  
 When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd  
 Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n :  
 Under whose conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd  
 His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,  
 Under thir Head imbodied all in one.  
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd ;  
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd

Each to his place, they heard his voice and went  
 Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewd,  
 And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.  
 This saw his hapless Foes but stood obdur'd,  
 And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers  
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
 In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
 But to convince the proud what Signs avail,  
 Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?  
 They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,  
 Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight  
 Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,  
 Stood reimbattel'd fierce, by force or fraud  
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile  
 Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall  
 In universal ruin last, and now  
 To final Battel drew, disdainig flight,  
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
 To all his Host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand  
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,  
 And as ye have receivd, so have ye don  
 Invincibly; but of this cursed crew  
 The punishment to other hand belongs,  
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;  
 Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd  
 Nor multitude, stand onely and behold  
 Gods indignation on these Godless pourd  
 By mee, not you but mee they have despis'd,  
 Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,  
 Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supream  
 Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,

Hath

Hath honour'd me according to his will.  
 Therefore to mee thir doom he hath affig'd ;  
 That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee  
 In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,  
 Or I alone against them, since by strength  
 They measure all, of other excellence  
 Notemulous, nor care who them excells,  
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd  
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld  
 And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.  
 At once the Pour spread out thir Scarrie wings  
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes  
 Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound  
 Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.  
 Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomie as Night ; under his burning Wheels  
 The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
 All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arriv'd ; in his right hand  
 Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent  
 Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd  
 Plagues ; they astonish'd all resistance lost,  
 All courage ; down thir idle weapons drop'd ;  
 O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode  
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
 That wish the Mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,  
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,  
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire

Among



Among th' accurs'd, that wish'd all thir strength,  
 And of thir wonted vigour left them drain'd,  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but chee'd  
 His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant  
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:  
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard  
 Of Goats or tinuous flock together throng'd  
 Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd  
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
 And Chrystal wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,  
 Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd  
 Into the vastful Deep; the monstrous sight  
 Strook them with horror backward, but far worse  
 Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw  
 Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrath  
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw  
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled  
 Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
 Nine dayes they fell; confounded Chaos roard,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall:  
 Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout  
 Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last  
 Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd,  
 Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire  
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.  
 Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaired  
 Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.  
 Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes  
 Messiah his triumphal Chariot turn'd:  
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood  
 Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,

With

With Jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,  
 Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,  
 Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,  
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,  
 Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode  
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts  
 And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd  
 On high: who into Glorie him receav'd,  
 Where now he sits at the right hand of blifs.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth  
 At thy request, and that thou maist beware  
 By what is past, so thee I have reveal'd  
 What might have else to human Race bin hid,  
 The discord which beset, and Warr in Heav'n  
 Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall  
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebel'd  
 With *Satan*, hee who envies now thy state,  
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
 Thee also from obedience, that with him  
 Bereav'd of happines thou maist partake  
 His punishment, Eternal miserie;  
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
 As a despite don against the most High,  
 Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.  
 But list'n not to his Temptations, warne  
 Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard  
 By terrible Example the reward  
 Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,  
 Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

*The End of the Sixth Book.*

*Paradise*

# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK VII.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declar'd his pleasure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six dayes: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.*

**D**Escend from Heav'n Urania, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine  
Following, above th' Olympian Hill I soare,  
Above the flight of Pegasus wing.

The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwellest, but Heav'nlie borne,  
Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountain flow'd,

Thou

Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,  
 Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play  
 In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd  
 With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'n's I have presum'd,  
 An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,  
 Thy tempering; with like safetie guided down  
 Return me to my Native Element:  
 Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once  
*Bellerophon*, though from a lower Cline)  
 Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall  
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorne.  
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
 Within the visible Diurnal Sphaere;  
 Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
 More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,  
 On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
 Visist my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn  
 Purples the East: still govern thou my Song;  
*Urania*, and fit audience find, though few.  
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of *Bacchus* and his revellers, the Race  
 Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard  
 In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares  
 To rapture, till the savage clamor dround  
 Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:  
 For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame.

Say Goddess, what ensu'd when *Raphael*,  
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd  
*Adam* by dire example to beware

*Apostrophe,*

Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven  
 To those Apostates, least the like befell  
 In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race,  
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree;  
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
 So easily obey'd amid the choice  
 Of all tastes else to please thir appetite,  
 Though wandring. He with his consort *Eve*  
 The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration, and deep Mase to heare  
 Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought  
 So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,  
 And Warr so neer the Peace of God in blis  
 With such confusion: but the evil soon  
 Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
 With Blessedness. Whence *Adam* soon repeal'd  
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now  
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
 What neerer might concern him, how this World  
 Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,  
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,  
 What within *Etern* or without was done  
 Before his memorie, as one whose drouth  
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame,  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
 Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,  
 Fart differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd  
 Divine interpreter, by favour sent  
 Down from the Emphyrean to forwarne  
 Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,  
 Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:  
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe

Immor-

Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
 Immutably his sovran will, the end  
 Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaft  
 Gently for our instruction to impart  
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
 What may no less perhaps avail us known,  
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd  
 Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills  
 All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd  
 Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause  
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest  
 Through all Eternitie so late to build  
 In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon  
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unsould  
 What wee, not to explore the secrets aske  
 Of his Eternal Empire, but the more  
 To magnific his works, the more we know.  
 And the great Light of Day yet wants to run  
 Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,  
 And longer will delay to heare thee tell  
 His Generation, and the rising Birth  
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:  
 Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon  
 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring  
 Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song  
 End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.  
 Thus *Adam* his illustrious Guest besought:  
 And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde.

This

This also thy request with caution ask  
 Obtain: though to recount Almighty works  
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorifie the Maker; and insert  
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
 Thy hearing, such Commission from above  
 I have receav'd, to answer thy desire  
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain  
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
 Things not reveal'd; which th' invisible King,  
 Onely Omniscient, hath suppress'd in Night,  
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:  
 Anough is left besides to search and know:  
 But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her Temperance over Appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain,  
 Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde.

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n  
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the Host  
 Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)  
 Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep  
 Into his place, and the great Son return'd  
 Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father from his Throne beheld  
 Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought  
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
 This inaccessible high strength, the seas  
 Of Deitie supream, us dispossell,  
 He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud  
 Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;

Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,  
 Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retains  
 Number sufficient to possess her Realms  
 Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent  
 With Minist'ries due and solemn Rites:  
 But least his heart exalt him in the harme  
 Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n  
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaie  
 That detriment, if such it be to lose  
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
 Another World, out of one man a Race  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
 Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,  
 And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, & Heav'n to Earth,  
 One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.  
 Mean while inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heav'n,  
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:  
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee  
 I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep  
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth;  
 Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill  
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.  
 Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,  
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
 To act or not, Necessitie and Chance  
 Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.  
 So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake  
 His Wor', the filial Godhead, gave effect.  
 Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift  
 Then time or motion, but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of speech be told,



So told as earthly notion can receive.  
Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n  
When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;  
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will  
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:  
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight  
And th' habitations of the just, to him  
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
Good out of evil to create, in stead  
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring  
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse  
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.  
So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son  
On his great Expedition now appear'd,  
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd  
Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love  
Immense, and all his Father in him shon.  
About his Chariot numberless were pour'd  
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,  
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old  
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd  
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
Celestial Equipage; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,  
Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide  
Her ever doring Gates, Harmonious sound  
On golden Hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.  
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss  
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,

Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes  
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault  
Heav'n's highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.

Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,  
Said then th' Omnipotent Word, your discord end:

Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode

Farr into *Chaos*, and the World unborn;  
For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Train  
Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then staid the fervid Wheelles, and in his hand  
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd  
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe

This Universe, and all created things:

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,  
And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,  
This be thy just Circumference, O World.

Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound  
Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watric calme  
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,  
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth  
Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd  
The black tartareous cold Infernal dregs  
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd  
Like things to like, the rest to severall place  
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,  
And Earth self ballanc't on her Center hung.

Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light  
Ethereal first of things, quintessence pure  
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East  
To journey through the aerie gloom began,

Spear'd

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Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud; for yet the Sun  
Was not <sup>yet</sup> ~~in~~ in a cloudie Tabernacle  
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;  
And light from darkness by the Hemisphere  
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night  
He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:  
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light  
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;  
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout  
The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,  
And touch't their Golden Harps, and hymning prais'd  
God and his works, Creatour him they sung,  
Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn.

Again, God said, let ther be Firmament  
Amid the Waters, and let it divide  
The Waters from the Waters: and God made  
The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd  
In circuit to the uttermost convex  
Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,  
The Waters underneath from those above  
Dividing: for as Earth, so he the World  
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide  
CrySTALLIN Ocean, and the loud misrule  
Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, least fierce extreames  
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame  
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n  
And Morning *Chorus* sung the second Day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet  
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,  
Appear'd not: over all the face of Earth  
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme  
Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,

Fermented the great Mother so receptive,  
Sate with genial moisture, when God said  
Be gather'd now ye Wonders under Heav'n  
Into one place, and let dry Land appear.  
Immediately the Mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
Into the Clouds, their tops ascend the Skie:  
So high as heav'd the timid Hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of Waters: thither they  
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld  
As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;  
Part rise in crystal Walk, or ridge direct,  
For haste; such High the great command impress'd  
On the swift foulders as Armies at the call  
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)  
Troop to thir Standard, to the wat'rie throng,  
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,  
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
With Serpent error wandring, found thir way,  
And on the wash'd Oose deep Channels wore;  
Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,  
All but within those banks, where Rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.  
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle  
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:  
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth  
Put forth the verdant Grasse, Herb yielding Seed,  
And Fruit Tree yielding Fruit after her kind;  
Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.  
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,

Brought

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Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad  
 Her Universal Face with pleasant green,  
 Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden shour'd  
 Op'ning their various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring Vine, forth crept  
 The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed  
 Embattell'd in her field: and the humble Shrub,  
 And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last  
 Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spread  
 Their branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm'd  
 Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,  
 With tufts the vallies and each fountain side,  
 With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now  
 Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist  
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth  
 God made, and every Herb, before it grew  
 On the green stemm; God saw that it was good.  
 So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be Lights  
 High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide  
 The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,  
 For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,  
 And let them be for Lights as I ordaine  
 Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n  
 To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.  
 And God made two great Lights, great for thir use  
 To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,  
 The lesse by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,

And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n  
 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day  
 In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,  
 And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,  
 Surveying his great Work, that it was good:  
 For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun  
 A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightfom first,  
 Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon  
 Globose, and every magnitude of Starrs,  
 And sowd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:  
 Of Light by farr the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd  
 In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive  
 And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine  
 Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.  
 Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs  
 Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,  
 And hence the Morning Planet guilds her horns;  
 By tincture or reflection they augment  
 Thir small peculiar, though from human sight  
 So farr remote, with diminution seen,  
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,  
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round  
 Invested with bright Rayes; jocond to run  
 His Longitude through Heav'n's high rode: the gray  
 Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd  
 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,  
 But opposite in level'd West was set  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light  
 From him, for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect, and still that distance keepe  
 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,  
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle, and her Reign  
 With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,

With

With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer'd  
 Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorn'd  
 With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,  
 Glad Evening and glad Morn crown'd the fourth day.  
 And God laid, let the Waters generate  
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:  
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings  
 Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.  
 And God created the great Whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by thir kinde,  
 And every Bird of wing after his kinde;  
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas  
 And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;  
 And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.  
 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay  
 With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales  
 Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales  
 Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft  
 Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate  
 Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, and through Groves  
 Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
 Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,  
 Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend  
 Moist nutriment; or under Rocks thir food  
 In jointed Arimour watch: on smoothe the Seale,  
 And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk  
 Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate  
 Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan  
 Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep  
 Stricht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,  
 And seems a moving Land, and at his Gills  
 Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.

Mean

Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares  
 Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd (soon  
 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and sledge  
 They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime  
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect, there the Eagle and the Stork  
 On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build;  
 Part loosely wing the Region, part more wise  
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Thir Aerie Caravan high over Sea's  
 Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing  
 Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane  
 Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire  
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:  
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song  
 Solac'd the Woods, and spred thir painted wings  
 Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal  
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night rund her soft layes:  
 Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd  
 Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes  
 Her state with Oaric feet: yet oft they quit  
 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre  
 The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Train  
 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue  
 Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus  
 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,  
 Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fifth day.

The Sixt, and of Creation last arose  
 With Eevning Harps and Martin, when God said,

Let



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Let th' Earth bring forth Foul living in her kinde,  
 Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,  
 Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait  
 Op'ning her fertil Womb reem'd as a Birth  
 Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,  
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose  
 As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonas  
 In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;  
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:  
 Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.  
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd  
 The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,  
 And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,  
 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale  
 Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw  
 In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould  
*Behemoth* biggest born of Earth upheav'd  
 His vastness: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,  
 As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land  
 The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber fans  
 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact  
 In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride  
 With spot of Gold and Purple, azure and green;  
 These as a line thir long dimension drew,  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence invol'd  
 Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept

The

The Parsimonious Emmer, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,  
 Pattern of just equalitie perhaps  
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes  
 Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer'd  
 The Female Bee that feeds her Husband Drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells  
 With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,  
 And thou thir Natures know'st, & gav'st them Names,  
 Needlest to thee repeated; nor unknown  
 The Serpent sutt'l'st Beast of all the field,  
 Of huge extem sometimes, with brazen Eyes  
 And hairie Main terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.  
 Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld  
 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand  
 First wheel'd thir course; Earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovly smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,  
 By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swim, was walkt:  
 Frequent; and of the Sixt-day yet remain'd;  
 There wanted yet the Master work, the end  
 Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone  
 And Bruce as other Creatures, but endu'd  
 With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect  
 His Stature, and upright with Front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whente his good  
 Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes  
 Directed in Devotion, to adore  
 And worship God Supream, who made him chief  
 Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father (For where is not hee  
 Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let

Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
 In our similitude, and let them rule  
 Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,  
 Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth;  
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
 This said, he formd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man  
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd  
 The breath of Life; in his own Image hee  
 Created thee, in the Image of God  
 Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.  
 Male he created thee, but thy consort  
 Female for Race; then blest'd Mankinde, and said,  
 Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,  
 Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold  
 Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,  
 And every living thing that moves on the Earth.  
 Wherever thus created, for no place  
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st  
 He brought thee into this delicious Grove,  
 This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,  
 Delectable both to behold and taste;  
 And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food  
 Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yields,  
 Varierie without end; but of the Tree  
 Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,  
 Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;  
 Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,  
 And govern well thy appetite, least sin  
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
 Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made  
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixt day:  
 Yet not till the Creator from his work  
 Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd

Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,  
 Thence to behold this new created World  
 Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd  
 In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,  
 Answering his great Idea. Up he rode  
 Follow'd with acclamation and the found  
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd  
 Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire  
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)  
 The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,  
 The Planets in thir station list'ning stood,  
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.  
 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,  
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in  
 The great Creator from his work return'd  
 Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;  
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne  
 To visit oft the dwellings of just Men  
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
 Thither will send his winged Messengers  
 On errands of supernal Grace: So sung  
 The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,  
 That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led  
 To Gods Eternal house direct the way,  
 A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold  
 And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer;  
 Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way  
 Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest  
 Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seventh  
 Eev'ning arose in *Eden*, for the Sun  
 Was set, and twilight from the East came on,  
 Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount  
 Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne  
 Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,

The

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The Filial Power arriv'd, and sate him down  
 With his great Father ( for he also went  
 Invisible, yet staid ( such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence ) and the work ordain'd,  
 Author and end of all things, and from work  
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the Seav'nth day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work,  
 But not in silence holy kept; the Harp  
 Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,  
 And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire  
 Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice  
 Choral or Unison: of incense Clouds  
 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.  
 Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,  
 Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite  
 Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue  
 Relate thee; greater now in thy return  
 Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day  
 Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create  
 Is greater then created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
 Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt  
 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine  
 Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes  
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
 Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n  
 From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view  
 On the cleer *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea;  
 Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's

Numerous,

Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World  
 Of destined habitation; but thou know'st  
 Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,  
 Earth with her nether Ocean circumferr'd,  
 Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,  
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,  
 Created in his Image, there to dwell  
 And worship him, and in reward to rule  
 Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,  
 And multiply a Race of Worshippers  
 Holy and just: thrice happie if they know  
 Thir happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the Emphyrean rung,  
 With *Halleluiahs*: Thus was Sabbath kept.  
 And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
 How first this World and face of things began,  
 And what before thy memorie was don  
 From the beginning, that posteritie  
 Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st  
 Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

*The End of the Seventh Book.*

Paradise

# Paradise Lost.

## BOOK VIII.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own Creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and his society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel cherubim; who after admonitions repeated departs.

**T**HE Angel ended, and in Adams Eare  
 So Charming left his voice, that he a while  
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to  
 Then as new wak'd thus gratefully replid. (hear,  
 What thanks sufficient, or what recompence  
 Equal have I to render thee, Divine  
 Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd  
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf:

O

This

This friendly condescension to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
 With wonder, but delight, and a duty  
 With glorie attributed to the high  
 Creator; something yet of doubt remains;  
 Which onely thy solution can resolve.  
 When I behold this goodly Frame, this World  
 Of Heav'n and Earth consiting, and compute,  
 Their magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graise,  
 An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd  
 And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle  
 Spates incomprehensible (for such  
 Their distance argues and their swift return  
 Diurnal) meerly to officiate light  
 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,  
 One day and night; in all their vast survey  
 Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,  
 How Nature wise and frugal could commit  
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
 So many nobler Bodies to create,  
 Greater so manifold to this one use,  
 For aught appears, and on their Orbs impose  
 Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,  
 That better might with farr less compass move,  
 Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines  
 Her end without least motion, and receives,  
 As Tribute such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light,  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seem'd  
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve  
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in light,  
 With lowliness Majestic from her seat,

And



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And Graces her won who *saw* with her stay,  
 Rose, and with *down* among her Fruits and Flowers;  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
 Her Nurserie: they in her coming sprung  
 And touch'd by her fair presence *gladlier* grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her care  
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,  
*Adam* relating, the sole Auditor;  
 Her Husband she Relater she persue'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather: her, she knew would intermix  
 Gracious digressions, and so she high dispute  
 With conjugal Careless; from his Lip  
 Not Words alone pleas'd her: O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?  
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;  
 Not unattended, for on her as Queen  
 A pomp of *Whiting* Graces vail'd still,  
 And from above her *shatt* Days of desire  
 Into all Eyes as with her still in sight,  
 And *Raphael* now to *Adam's* doubt propos'd  
 Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n  
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne  
 His Season, Hours, or Dayes, or Months, or Yeares;  
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,  
 Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest  
 From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire, or if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns

Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n  
 And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild  
 The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear  
 With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,  
 Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:  
 Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,  
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
 The benefit: consider first, that Great  
 Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth  
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,  
 Nor glittering, may of solid good containe  
 More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,  
 Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,  
 But in the fruitful Earth, there first receivd  
 His beams, unactive else, thir vigour find.  
 Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.  
 And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak  
 The Makers high magnificence, who built  
 So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;  
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own,  
 An Edifice too large for him to fill,  
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest  
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
 The swiftness of those Circles attribute,  
 Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,  
 That to corporeal substances could adde  
 Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow.

Who

Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n  
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
In *Eden*, distance inexpressible  
By Numbers that have name, But this I urge,  
Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew  
Invalid that which thee to doubt is mov'd ;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
God to remove his wayes from human sense,  
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,  
If it presume, might erre in things too high,  
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun  
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs  
By his attractive vertue and thir own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds ?  
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these  
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different Motions move ?  
Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,  
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele  
Of Day and Night ; which needs not thy beleefe,  
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day  
Travelling East, and with her part averse  
From the Sun's beam meet Night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,  
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr  
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night  
This Earth ? reciprocal, if Land be there,

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Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest  
 As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce  
 Fruits in her soft nd Soile, for some to eate  
 Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps  
 With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie  
 Communicating Male and Femal Light,  
 Which two great Sexes animate the World,  
 Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.  
 For such vast room in Nature unposselt  
 By living Soule, desert and desolate,  
 Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
 Each Orb a glimpse of Light, convey'd so farr  
 Down to this habitable, which returns  
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n  
 Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,  
 Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,  
 Or Shee from West her silent course advance  
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
 On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,  
 And beares thee soft with the smooth Air along,  
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
 Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;  
 Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou  
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
 And thy faire Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high  
 To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:  
 Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;  
 Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there  
 Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
 Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd  
 Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

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To whom thus *Adam* cleard of doubt, replid.  
 How fully hast thou satisfi'd mee, pure  
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,  
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
 To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which  
 God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,  
 And not molest us, unless we our selves  
 Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.  
 But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave  
 Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end,  
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne,  
 That not to know at large of things remote  
 From use, obscure and tittle, but to know  
 That which before us lies in daily life,  
 Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,  
 Or emptiness, or fond imperuence,  
 And renders us in things that most concerne  
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
 Of something not unseasonable to ask  
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.  
 Thee I have heard relating what was don  
 Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate  
 My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;  
 And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest  
 How suitly to detain thee I devise,  
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:  
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare  
 Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst

And hunger both, from labour, at the houre  
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine  
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie:

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek.  
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd  
Inward and outward both, his image faire;  
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace  
Attends thee; and each word, each motion formes,  
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:  
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
On Man his Equal Love: say therefore on;  
For I that Day was absent, as befell,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;  
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)  
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,  
Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
Least hee incens'd at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with Creation might have mixt.  
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
But us he sends upon his high behests  
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure  
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut  
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;  
But long ere our approaching heard within  
Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,  
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light  
Ere Sabbath Eevening: so we had in charge.

But

But thy relation now; for I attend,  
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.  
For Man to tell how human Life began  
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
Desire with thee still longer to converse  
Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep  
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
In Balmie Swear, which with his Beames the Sun  
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turn'd,  
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd  
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright  
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw  
Hill, Dale, and shady Woods, and sunnie Plains;  
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,  
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,  
With fragrance and with joy my heart overflow'd.  
My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb  
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, and lively vigour led:  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,  
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name  
What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,  
And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay.  
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
Not of my self, by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power preëminent;  
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,

From

From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier then I know,  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld  
 This happie Light, when answer none return'd,  
 On a green shady Bank profuse of Flours  
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd  
 My droused sense, untroubld, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And livd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,  
 And said, thy Mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise,  
 First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd  
 First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide  
 To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
 And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire  
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woodie Mountain, whose high top was plaine,  
 A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees  
 Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw  
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree  
 Load'n with fairest Fruit that hung to the Eye  
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found  
 Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream  
 Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun  
 My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide  
 Up hither, from among the Trees appear'd  
 Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw



In adoration at his feet I fell  
 Submit, he rear'd me, and Whom thou soughtst I am;  
 Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest  
 Above, or round about thee or beneath.  
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
 To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eat:  
 Of every Tree that in the Garden grows  
 Eat freely with glad heart; Fear here no dearth;  
 But of the Tree whose operation brings  
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
 The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,  
 Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,  
 Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,  
 And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
 Transgress't, inevitably thou shalt dye;  
 From that day mortal, and this happie State  
 Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World  
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd  
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
 Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice  
 Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect  
 Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
 Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
 To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords  
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
 Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.  
 In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold  
 After thir kindes; I bring them to receive  
 From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie  
 With low subjection; understand the same  
 Of Fish within thir warry residence,  
 Not higher summon'd, since they cannot change  
 Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.

As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold  
 Approaching two and two, These cowering low  
 With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
 Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd  
 My sudden apprehension : but in these  
 I found not what me thought I wanted still ;  
 And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or aught then mankind higher,  
 Surpassest farr my naming, how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this Universe,  
 And all this good to man, for whose well being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal  
 Thou hast provided all things : but with mee  
 I see not who partakes. In solitude  
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find ?  
 Thus I presumptuous ; and the vision bright,  
 As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.

What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth  
 With various living creatures, and the Aire  
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command  
 To come and play before thee, know'st thou not  
 Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,  
 And reason not contemptibly ; with these  
 Find pastime, and beare rule ; thy Realm is large.  
 So spake the Universal Lord. and seem'd  
 So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
 And humble deprecation thus repli'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,  
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
 And these inferiour farr beneath me set ?

Among

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Among unequals what societie  
 Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?  
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie  
 The one intense, the other still remiss  
 Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove  
 Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak  
 Such as I seek, fit to participate  
 All rational delights, wherein the brute  
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoyce  
 Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;  
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;  
 Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle  
 So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;  
 Worst then can Man with Beast, and least of all.  
 Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.  
 A nice and subtle happiness I see  
 Thou to thy self propos'st, in the choice  
 Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste  
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.  
 What thinkest thou then of mee, and this my State;  
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd  
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
 From all Eternitie, for none I know  
 Second to me or like, equal much less.  
 How have I then with whom to hold converse  
 Save with the Creatures which I made, and those  
 To me inferiour, infinite descents  
 Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?  
 He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine  
 The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes  
 All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;  
 Thou in thy self art perfect, and in thee  
 Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,

But

But in degree, the cause of his desire  
 By conversation with his like to help,  
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
 Shouldst propagat, already infinite  
 And through all numbers absolute, though One;  
 But Man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection, and beget  
 Like of his like, his Image multipl'd,  
 In unitie defective, which requires  
 Collateral love, and dearest amitie.  
 Thou in thy secrecie although alone,  
 Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not  
 Social communication, yet so pleas'd,  
 Canst raise thy Creature to what height thou wilt  
 Of Union or Communion, desir'd;  
 I by conversing cannot these erect  
 From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.  
 Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd  
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd  
 This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus farr to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,  
 And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,  
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,  
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
 My Image, not imparted to the Brute,  
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
 And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,  
 Knew it not good for Man to be alone,  
 And no such companie as then thou saw'st  
 Intended thee for trial onely brought,  
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet;  
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,

Thy

Thy wish exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now  
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,  
Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth  
In that celestial Colloquie sublime,  
As with an object that excels the sense,  
Daz'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell  
Of Fancie my internal sight, by which  
Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;  
Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took  
From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,  
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:  
The Rib he form'd and fashond with his hands;  
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,  
Manlike, but different Sex, so lovly faire,  
That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd now  
Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd  
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her Aire inspir'd  
The spirit of love and amorous delighr.  
Shee disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure;  
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable: On she came,

Led

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Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninformed  
 Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites :  
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,  
 In every gesture dignitie and love,  
 I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,  
 Giver of all things faire, but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts ; nor enviest. I now see  
 Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self  
 Before me ; Woman is her Name, of Man  
 Extracted ; for this cause he shall forgoe  
 Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere ;  
 And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
 Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,  
 Her verttie and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
 The more desirable, or to say all,  
 Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd ;  
 I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,  
 And with obsequious Majestie approv'd  
 My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre  
 I led her blushing like the Morn : all Heav'n,  
 And happie Constellations on that houre  
 Shed thir selectest influence ; the Earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill ;  
 Joyous the Birds ; fresh Gales and gentle Aires  
 Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings  
 Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night

Sung

Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Evening Starr  
 On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.  
 Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought  
 My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss  
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such  
 As us'd or nor, works in the mind no change,  
 Nor vehement desire, these delicacies  
 I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, and Flours,  
 Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here  
 Farr otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported rouch; here passion first I felt,  
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
 Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake  
 Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.  
 Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such Object to sustain,  
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More then enough; at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of Ornament, in outward shew  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of Nature her th' inferior, in the mind  
 And inward Faculties, which most excell,  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His Image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that Dominion giv'n  
 O're other Creatures; yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
 And in her self compleat, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, verionsest, discreetest, best;  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
~~Receiv'd~~ Wisdom in discourse with her

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Looses discount'nance, and like folly shewes;  
 Authority and Reason on her waire,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard Angelic place.  
 To whom the Angel with contracted brow,  
 Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;  
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
 Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou  
 Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,  
 By attributing overmuch to things  
 Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.  
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
 Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;  
 Then value: Oft times nothing profits more  
 Than self esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,  
 And to realities yield all her shows:  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honour thou maist love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
 Is propagated seem such dear delight  
 Beyond all other, think the same vourself  
 To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be  
 To them made common and divulg'd, if aught  
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
 The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.  
 What higher in her societie thou findest



Attractive, human, rational, love still;  
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
 Wherein true Love consists not; love refines  
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat  
 In Reason; and is judicious, is the scale  
 By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,  
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
 Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash't *Adam* repli'd.  
 Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor aught  
 In procreation common to all kindes  
 (Though higher of the genial Bed by far,  
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
 So much delights me as those graceful acts,  
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
 From all her words and actions mixt with Love  
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
 Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;  
 Harmonie to behold in wedded pair  
 More grateful then harmonious sound to the ear:  
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore soild,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
 Variously representing; yet still free  
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist  
 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;  
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;  
 Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love  
 Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix  
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,  
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st

Us happie, and without Love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
 ( And pure thou wert created ) we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs :  
 Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure  
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
 As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.  
 But I can now no more; the parting Sun  
 Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles  
*Hesperian* sets, my Signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all  
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great command; take heed least Passion sway  
 Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free Will  
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons  
 The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,  
 And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall  
 Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.  
 Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
 And all temptation to transgresses repel.

So saying, he arose: whom *Adam* thus  
 Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
 Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,  
 Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.  
 Gentle to me and affable hath been  
 Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
 With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind  
 Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n  
 From the thick shade, and *Adam* to his Bowre.

*The End of the Eighth Book,*

*Para-*

# Paradise Lost.

## BOOK IX.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reason, till then void of both: Eve requies him

to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what perswaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the Fruit: The Effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

**N**O more of talk where God or Angel Guest  
 With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd  
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
 Rural repast, permitting him the while  
 Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change  
 Those Notes to Tragic; soul distrust, and breach  
 Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
 And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n  
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,  
 That brought into this World a world of woe,  
 Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie  
 Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument  
 Not less but more Heroic then the wrath  
 Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd  
 Thrice fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage  
 Of Turnus for Lavinia dispos'd,  
 Or Neptun's ire or Juvo's, that so long  
 Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's Son;  
 If answerable style I can obtaine  
 Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes

Her nightly visitation unimplo'd,  
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated Verse;  
 Since first this Subject for Heroic Song  
 Pleas'd me long chooling, and beginning late;  
 Not sedulous by Nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the onely Argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief maine to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabled Knights  
 In Battels feign'd, the better sortitude  
 Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom  
 Unsung, or to describe Races and Games,  
 Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,  
 Impresses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds,  
 Bases and unsheld Trappings, gorgious Knights  
 As Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast  
 Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Senechals;  
 The skill of Artifice or Office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name  
 To Person or to Poem. Me of these  
 Nor skill'd nor studious, higher Argument  
 Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climat, or Years damp my intended wing  
 Deprest, and such they may, if all be mine,  
 Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr  
 Of *Hesperus*, whose Office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbitr  
 Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end  
 Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:  
 When *Satan* who late fled before the threats  
 Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent

On mans destruction, mangle what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
 By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd  
 From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,  
 Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descri'd  
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim  
 That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
 The space of seven continu'd Nighes he rode  
 With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line  
 He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night  
 From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;  
 On the elgth return'd, and on the Coast averse  
 From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
 Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the  
 Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise (change,  
 Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;  
 In with the River sunk, and with it rose  
 Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought  
 Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land  
 From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole  
*Maurus*, up beyond the River *Ob*,  
 Downward as farr *Antaric*; and in length  
 West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd  
 At *Darien*, thence to the Land where *Howes*  
*Ganges* and *Indus*: thus the Orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every Creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his Wiles; and found  
 The Serpent subtlest Beast of all the Field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revol'd, his final sentence chose  
 Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom

To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight: far in the wilde Spake,  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native suttletie  
 Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd  
 Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grieve  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd  
 More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
 For what God after better worse would build?  
 Terrestrial Heav'n, can't round by other Heav'n  
 That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,  
 Light above Lights, for thee alone, as seems,  
 In thee concentrating all thir precious beams  
 Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n  
 Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou  
 Centring receav'st from all those Orbs, in thee,  
 Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appears  
 Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth  
 Of Creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
 With what delight could I have walkt thee round,  
 If I could joy in aughs, sweet interchange  
 Of Hill, and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,  
 Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Forrest crowd,  
 Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these  
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
 Torment within me; as from the hateful siege  
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
 Evill, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.

But

But neither here seek I, nor in Heav'n  
To dwell, unless by mastering Heav'n's Supream,  
Nor hope to be my self less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
For onely in destroying I find ease  
To my relentless thoughts, and him destroyd,  
Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,  
In woe then, that destruction wide may range:  
To mee shall be the glorie sole among  
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
What be *Almightie* styl'd, six Nights and Days  
Continu'd making, and who knows how long  
Before had bin contriving, though perhaps  
Not longer then since I in one Night freed  
From servitude inglorious welnigh half  
Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng  
Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,  
And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,  
Whether such verine spent of old now faild  
More Angels to Create, if they at least  
Are his Created, or to spite us more,  
Determin'd to advance into our room  
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,  
Exalted from so base original,  
With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed  
He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,  
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!  
Subjected to his service Angel wings,  
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend  
Thur earthy Charge: Of these the vigilance



I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie  
 In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde  
 The Serpent sleeping, in whose muzzie foulds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind  
 Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;  
 But what will not Ambition and Revenge  
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low  
 As high he soard, obnoxious first or last  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;  
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envie, this new Favorite  
 Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despise,  
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
 From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each Thicker Dunck or Drie,  
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might finde  
 The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
 In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,  
 His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:  
 Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,  
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe  
 Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth  
 The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
 With act intelligential; but his sleep  
 Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.

Now

Now when as sacred Light began to dawne  
 In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breathed  
 Their morning incense, when all things that breath,  
 From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill  
 With grateful Smell, forth came the human pair  
 And joind thir vocal Worship to the Quire  
 Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake  
 The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires:  
 Then commune how that day they best may ply  
 Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew  
 The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.  
 And *Eve* first to her Husband thus began.

*Adam*, well may we labour still to dress  
 This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Floure,  
 Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands  
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint: what we by day  
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or blind,  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides  
 Tending to wilde. Thou therefore, now advise  
 Or bear what to my minde first thoughts present,  
 Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
 The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct  
 The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I  
 In yonder Spring of Roses intermix  
 With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:  
 For while so near each other thus all day  
 Our taske we choose, what wonder if so near  
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
 Our dayes work brought to little, though begun  
 Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer *Adam* thus return'd.  
 Sole *Eve*, Associate sole, to me beyond  
 Compare above all living Creatures deare;  
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd  
 How we might best fulfill the work which here  
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass  
 Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found  
 In Woman, then to studie household good,  
 And good workes in her Husband to promote.  
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
 Labour, as to debarr us when we need  
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles, from Reason flow,  
 To bruse deni'd, and are of Love the food,  
 Love not the lowest end of human life.  
 For not to irksom toille, but to delight  
 He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.  
 These paths & Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands  
 Will keep from Wilderネス with ease, as wide  
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
 Assist us: But if much converse perhaps  
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.  
 For solitude sometimes is best societie,  
 And short retirement urge sweet returne.  
 But other doubt posselles me, least harm  
 Befall thee sever'd from me, for thou knowst  
 What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe  
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
 Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each

To other speedie aide might lend at need;  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our fealtie from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no blifs  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects;  
 The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the Virgin Majestic of *Eve*,  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd,  
 Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,  
 That such an Enemy we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learne,  
 And from the parting Angel over-heard  
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
 Just then return'd at shut of Evening Flours.  
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fearst not, being such,  
 As wee, not capable of death or paine,  
 Can either not rectave, or can repell.  
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs  
 Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love  
 Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast  
*Adam*, missthougt of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* replyd,  
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire;  
 Not dissident of thee do I dissuade

Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.  
 For hee who tempes, though in vain; at least asperes  
 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
 Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof  
 Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne  
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,  
 Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile consemn;  
 Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive  
 Access in every Vertue, in thy sight  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or over-reache  
 Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.

\* So spake domestick Adam in his care  
 And Matrimonial Love; but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her Faith sincere,  
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,  
 Suttle or violent, we not endu'd  
 Single with like defence, wherever met,  
 How are we happie, till in fear of harm?  
 But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe

Tempting

Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integritie: his foul esteeme  
 Strikes no dishonor on our Front, but turns  
 Foul on himself, then wherefore shund or feard  
 By us? who rather double honour gaine  
 From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,  
 Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event,  
 And what is Faith, Loye, Vertue, unassaid  
 Alone, without exterior help sustaind?  
 Let us not then suspect our happie State  
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combin'd,  
 Fraile is our happiness, if this be so,  
 And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam servently repli'd.  
 O Woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,  
 Or aught that might his happie State secure,  
 Secure from outward force; within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power:  
 Against his will he can receive no harme.  
 But God left free the Will, for what obeys  
 Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,  
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
 Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd  
 She dictate false, and misinforme the Will  
 To do what God expressly hath forbid,  
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,  
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
 Firm we sublist, yet possible to swerve,  
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet  
 Some specious object by the Foë subord,

And

And fall into deception unaware,  
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide  
Were better, and most likeliest if from mee  
Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.  
Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve  
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,  
Not seeing thee attempted, who aitest?  
But if thou think, trial unsought may finde  
Us both securer then thus warn'd thou seemst,  
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
Go in thy native innocence, relie  
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,  
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but Eve  
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.

With thy permission thess, and thus forewarnd  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touch'd onely, that our trial, when least sought,  
May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,  
The willinger I goe, nor much expect  
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.  
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand  
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light  
*Oread* or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Traine,  
Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self  
In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,  
Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver arm'd,  
But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,  
Guilelessof Fire had form'd, or Angels brought.  
To *Pales*, or *Pomona* thus adornd,  
Likeliest she seemd, *Pomona* when she fled  
*Vertumnus*, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,

Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*.  
 Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick returne  
 Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd  
 To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.  
 O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless *Eve*,  
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!  
 Thou never from that houre in Paradise  
 Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;  
 Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades  
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
 Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.  
 For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,  
 Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
 And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde  
 The onely two of Mankinde, but in them  
 The whole included Race, his purposd prey.  
 In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft  
 Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,  
 Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,  
 By Fountain or by shady Rivulet  
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
*Eve* separate, he wish'd, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, *Eve* separate he spies,  
 Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,  
 Half spid, so thick the Roses bushing round  
 About her glowd, oft stooping to support  
 Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay  
 Carnation, Purple, Azure, or speck with Gold,

Hung



Hung drooping unsustained, them she upstaies  
 Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,  
 Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,  
 From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.  
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd  
 Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
 Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours  
 Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*:  
 Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd  
 Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renown'd  
*Alcinous*, host of old *Laertes* Son,  
 Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapiant King  
 Held dalliance with his faire *Egyptian* Spouse.  
 Much bee the Place admir'd, the Person more.  
 As one who long in populous City pent,  
 Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,  
 Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe  
 Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes  
 Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,  
 The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,  
 Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and in her look summs all Delight.  
 Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
 This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*  
 Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme  
 Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,  
 Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire  
 Of gesture or least action overaw'd  
 His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
 That space the Evil one abstracted stood

From his own evil, and for the time remaind  
 Stupidly good, of enmirie disarm'd,  
 Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;  
 But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,  
 Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd : then soon  
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet  
 Compulsion thus transported to forget  
 What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope  
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying, other joy  
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
 Occasion which now smiles, behold alone  
 The Woman, opportune to all attempts,  
 Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
 And strength, of courage haucie, and of limb  
 Heroic build, though of terrestrial mould,  
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
 I not ; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine  
 Infeebld me, to what I was in Heav'n.  
 Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,  
 Not terrible, though terrour be in Love  
 And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,  
 Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,  
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd  
 In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*  
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,

Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd  
 Foul above fould a surging Maze, his Head  
 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;  
 With burnish'd Neck of verdant Gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass  
 Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,  
 And lovely, never since of Serpent kind  
 Lovelier, nor those that in *Illyria* chang'd  
*Hermione* and *Cadmus*, or the God  
 In *Epidaurus*; nor to which transform'd  
*Ammonian Jove*, or *Capitoline* was seen,  
 Hee with *Olympias*, this with her who bore  
*Scipio* the highth of *Rome*. With tract oblique  
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
 As when a Ship by skilful Steersman wrought  
 Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind  
 Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;  
 So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine  
 Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of *Eve*,  
 To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound  
 Of rustling Leaves, but minded nor, as us'd  
 To such disport before her through the Field,  
 From every Beast, more duteous at her call,  
 Then at *Circean* call the Herd disguis'd.  
 Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;  
 But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bow'd  
 His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,  
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad  
 Of her attention gain'd, with Serpent Tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder nor, sovran Mistrefs, if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less art  
 Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
 Infatiate, I thus single, nor have feard  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore  
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
 Where universally admir'd ; but here  
 In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
 Who sees thee ? (and what is one ?) who shouldst be  
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd ( seen  
 By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd ;  
 Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,  
 Though at the voice much marveling ; at length  
 Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.  
 What may this mean ? Language of Man pronounc'd  
 By Tongue of Brute, and human sense express'd ?  
 The first at least of these I thought deny'd  
 To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day  
 Created mute to all articulat sound ;  
 The latter I demurre, for in thir looks  
 Much reason, and in thir actions oft appears.  
 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
 I knew, but not with human voice endu'd ;  
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
 To me so friendly grown above the rest  
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight ?

Say,

Say, for such wonder claims attention due,

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.

Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,

Easie to mee it is to tell thee all

(obeyd :

What thou commandst, and right thou shouldst be

I was at first as other Beasts that graze

The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,

As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd

Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high :

Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd

A goodly Tree farr distant to behold

Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,

Ruddie and Gold : I nearer drew to gaze;

When from the boughes a favorie odour blow'n,

Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense

Then smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats

Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,

Unfuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thirplay.

To satisfie the sharp desire I had

Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd

Not to deferr ; hunger and thirst at once,

Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent

Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.

About the mossie Trunk I wound me soon,

For high from ground the branches would require

Thy utmost reach or *Adams* : Round the Tree

All other Beasts that saw, with like desire

Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.

Amid the Tree now got, where plenty hung

Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill

I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour

At Feed or Fountain never had I found.

Sated at length, ere long I might perceive

Strange alteration in me, to degree

Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech  
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep  
 I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
 Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,  
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good ;  
 But all that fair and good in thy Divine  
 Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray  
 United I beheld ; no Fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second, which compel'd  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd  
 Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake ; and *Eve*  
 Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd :  
 But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far ?  
 For many are the Trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
 As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to thir provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.  
 Empress, the way is readie, and not long,  
 Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,  
 Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past  
 Of blowing Myrrh and Balme ; if thou accept  
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said *Eve*. Hee leading swiftly rowld  
 In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,  
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy

Bright'n

Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire,  
 Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night  
 Condenses, and the cold invirons round,  
 Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,  
 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way  
 To Boggs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Poole,  
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.  
 So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud  
 Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree  
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe;  
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,  
 Fruitless to mee, though Fruit be here to excess,  
 The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,  
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
 But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;  
 God so commanded, and left that Command  
 Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
 Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.  
 Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit  
 Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eat,  
 Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless. Of the Fruit  
 Of each Tree in the Garden we may eat,  
 But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst  
 The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat  
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die. (bold

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more  
 The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love  
 To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
 New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,

*Fluctuans*

Fluctuats disturb'd, yet comely and in act  
 Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.  
 As when of old som Orator renound  
 In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence  
 Flourish'd, since mute, to som great cause address't,  
 Stood in himself collect'd, while each part,  
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,  
 Sometimes in highth began, as no delay  
 Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.  
 So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown  
 The Tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,  
 Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power  
 Within me cleere, not onely to discern  
 Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes  
 Of highest Agents, deem'd however wise.  
 Queen of this Universe, doe not believe  
 Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:  
 How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life  
 To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on mee,  
 Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attain'd then Fate  
 Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.  
 Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
 Is open? or will God incense his ire  
 For such a petty Trespas, and not praise  
 Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain  
 Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,  
 Deterred not from achieving what might leade  
 To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;  
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
 Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeyd:

Your



Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.  
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
 His worshippers; he knows that in the day  
 Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
 Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
 Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.  
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,  
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet,  
 I of brute human, yee of human Gods.  
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,  
 Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring.  
 And what are Gods that Man may not become  
 As they, participating God-like food?  
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds;  
 I question it, for this fair Earth I see,  
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,  
 Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd  
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,  
 That who so eats thereof, forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
 Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?  
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree  
 Impart against his will if all be his?  
 Or is it envie, and can envie dwell  
 In heav'nly breasts? these, these and many more  
 Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.  
 He ended, and his words replete with guile  
 Into her heart too easie entrance won:  
 Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold

Might

Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd  
 With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;  
 Mean while the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd  
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell  
 So favoric of that Fruit, which with desire,  
 Inclinal now grown to touch or taste,  
 Solicited her longing eye; yet first  
 Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.

Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits.  
 Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir'd,  
 Whole taste, too long forborn, at first assay  
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
 The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:  
 Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,  
 Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree  
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding  
 Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good  
 By thee communicated, and our want:  
 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had  
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
 Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death  
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
 Our inward freedom? In the day we ease  
 Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
 How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,  
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
 Irrational till then. For us alone  
 Was death invented? or to us deny'd  
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
 For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first

Hath

Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
 The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,  
 Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.  
 What fear I then, rather what know to feare  
 Under this ignorance of good and Evil,  
 Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?  
 Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,  
 Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,  
 Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then  
 To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
 Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:  
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her fear  
 Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,  
 That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk  
 The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for Eve  
 Intend now wholly on her taste, naught else  
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,  
 In Fruit she never tasted, whether true  
 Or fabled so, through expectation high  
 Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought.  
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,  
 And knew not eating Death: Satiat at length,  
 And hight'nd as with Wine, jocund and boon,  
 Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees  
 In Paradise, of operation blest  
 To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
 And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created; but henceforth my early care,  
 Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;  
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature

In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know ;  
Though others envie what they cannot give ;  
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here  
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
Best guide ; not following thee, I had remained  
In ignorance, thou op'nst Widsoms way,  
And giv'st access, though secret she require.  
And I perhaps am secret ; Heav'n is high,  
High and remote to see from thence distinct  
Each thing on Earth ; and other care perhaps  
May have diverted from continual watch  
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies  
About him. But to *Adam* in what sort  
Shall I appeer ? shall I to him make known  
As yet my change, and give him to partake  
Full happiness with mee, or rather not,  
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power  
Without Copartner ? so to add what wants  
In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,  
And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
A thing not undesirable, sometime  
Superior ; for inferior who is free ?  
This may be well : but what if God have seen,  
And Death ensue ? then I shall be no more,  
And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,  
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct ;  
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
*Adam* shall share with me in blis or woe ;  
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure, without him I've no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turn'd,  
But first low Reverence don, as to the power  
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd

From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while  
 Waking desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne  
 Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
 As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen.  
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd,  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him; hee the fault'ring measure felt;  
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
 That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree  
 Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
 Scarfe from the Tree returning; in her hand  
 A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,  
 New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
 To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
 Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,  
 Which with bland words at will she thus address'd.

Hast thou not wonderd, *Adam*, at my stay?  
 Thee I have misst, and thought is long, depriv'd  
 Thy presence, agonie of love till now  
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
 Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought,  
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
 Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:  
 This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree  
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
 Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect  
 To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;  
 And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wise,  
 Or not restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,  
 Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,  
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth  
 Endu'd with human voice and human sense,

Reasoning

Reasoning to admiration, and with mee  
 Persuasively hath so prevaild, that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes,  
 Dimm'rst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,  
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,  
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot  
 May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;  
 Least thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus *Eve* with Countenance blithe her storie told,  
 But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.  
 On th' other side, *Adam*, soon as he heard  
 The fatal Trespas don by *Eve*, amaz'd,  
 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd,  
 From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*  
 Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:  
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
 First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best  
 Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell'd  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
 Defac't, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?  
 Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
 The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud  
 Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,

And

And mee with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee  
 Certain my resolution is to Die;  
 How can I live without thee, how forgoe  
 Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,  
 To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?  
 Should God create another Eve, and I  
 Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee  
 Would never from my heart; no no, I feel  
 The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,  
 Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State  
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd  
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,  
 Thus in calm mood his Words to Eve he turn'd.

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous Eve,  
 And peril great provok't, who thus hath dar'd  
 Had it been onely coveting to Eye  
 That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
 Much more to taste it under banne to touch.  
 But past who can recall, or don undoe?  
 Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so  
 Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact  
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,  
 Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first  
 Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste;  
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,  
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man  
 Higher degree of Life, inducement strong  
 To us, as likely tasting to attaine  
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
 But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.  
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
 Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy

Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high,  
 Set over all his Works; which in our Fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must fall;  
 Dependent made; so God shall whereare,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,  
 Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power  
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loath  
 Us to abolish, least the Adversary  
 Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God  
 Most Favors, who can please him long; Me first  
 He ruind, now Mankind; whom will be next?  
 Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe,  
 However I with thee have fixt my Lot,  
 Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death  
 Confort with thee; Death is to mee as Life;  
 So forcible within my heart I feel  
 The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
 Our State cannot be severd, we are one,  
 One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.

So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him repli'd.  
 O glorious trial of exceeding Love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high!  
 Ingaging me to emulate, but short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,  
*Adam*, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,  
 And gladly of our Union heere thee speak,  
 One Heart, one Soul in both, whereof good proof  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
 Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread  
 Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,  
 To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,  
 If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,  
 Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,

Direct,



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Direct, or by occasions hath possessed  
This happy trial of thy Love, which else  
So eminently never had bin known.  
Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue,  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone.  
The worst, and not perswade thee rather else  
Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact  
Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd  
Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
So faithful Love unequald; but I feel  
Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life  
Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,  
Taste so Divine, that what of sweets before  
Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and lastly  
On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,  
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love  
Had so enobld, as of choice to incur  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.  
In recompence (for such compliance had  
Such recompens best merits) from the bough  
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit  
With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat  
Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,  
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.  
Earth trembl'd from her enraill, as again  
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
Skie low'd and muttering Thunder, som sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal Sin  
Original; while *Adam* took no thought,  
Eating his fill, nor Eue to iterate  
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe  
Him with her lov'd societie, that now

As with new Wine intoxicated both  
 They swim in mirth, and saile that they feel  
 Divinitie within them breeding wings  
 Wherewith to scorne the Earth: but that false Fruit  
 Fart other operation first displaid,  
 Carnal desire enflaming, hee on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:  
 Till Adam thus gan Eve to dalliance move,

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant; of Sapience no small part,  
 Since to each meaning savour me apply,  
 And Palate call judicious; I the praise  
 Yeld thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
 From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting if such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,  
 For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.  
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
 As mee: is, after such delicious Fare  
 For never did thy Beautie since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
 With all perfections, so enflame my sense  
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.  
 Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd  
 He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,  
 Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,  
 And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.

There

There they this fill of Love and Loves disquiet  
 Took largely, of their mutual guile the Scale,  
 The solace of their sin, till dewie sleep  
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.  
 Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,  
 That with exhilarating vapour bland  
 About their spirits had plaid, and inmost powers  
 Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
 Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose  
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
 Soon found their Eyes how op'nd, and their minds  
 How dark'nd, innocence, that as a veil  
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon.  
 Just confidence, and native righteousness  
 And honour from about them, naked left  
 To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe  
 Uncover'd more, so rose the *Danish* strong  
*Herculean Samson* from the Harlots lap  
 Of *Philistian Dalilah*, and wak'd  
 Shorn of his strength. They destitute and bare  
 Of all their verue: silent, and in face  
 Confounded long they sat, as struck'n mute,  
 Till *Adam*, though not less then *Eve* abash'd  
 At length gave utterance to these words constrained.  
 O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give care  
 To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught  
 To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall  
 False in our promisd Rising, since our *Hypocrite*  
 Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know  
 Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,  
 Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this bea know,  
 Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,  
 Of Innocence, of Faith, of Justice,

Our wonted Ornaments now soild and stained,  
 And in our Faces ev'ning the signes  
 Of soul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
 Even shame, the last of evils, of the first  
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
 Henceforth of God or Angel, cast with joy  
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes  
 Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze  
 Insufferably bright. O might I here  
 In solitude live savage, in some glade  
 Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable  
 To Stars or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad  
 And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,  
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
 Hide me, where I may never see them more.  
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
 What best may from the present serve to hide  
 The Parts of each for other, that seem most  
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,  
 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowl,  
 And girded on our loyns, may cover round  
 Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,  
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.  
 So counsel'd they, and both together went  
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose  
 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,  
 But such as at this day to Indians known  
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her Armes  
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow  
 About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade  
 High overarcht, and echoing Walks between;  
 There oft the Indian Herdsman skinning beasts  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing Herds

At Loopholes cut through thickest shade : Those  
 They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe, (Leaves  
 And with what skill they had, together sowl,  
 To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide  
 Thir guilt and dreaded shame ; O how unlike  
 To that best naked Glorie. Such of late  
*Columbus* found th' *American* so girt  
 With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde  
 Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.  
 Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part  
 Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,  
 They sat them down to weep, nor onely Teares  
 Raine at thir Eyes, but high Winds worle within  
 Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,  
 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore  
 Thir inward State of Mind, calm Region once  
 And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent :  
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will  
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping over sovran Reason claimd  
 Superior sway : from thus distemperd brest,  
*Adam*, estrang'd in look and alerd stile,  
 Speech interrained thus to *Eve* renewd.

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, and staid  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,  
 I know not whence possessd thee ; we had then  
 Remained still happie, not as now, despoild  
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve  
 The Faith they owe ; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.

To whom soon now *Eve* with touch of blame thus *Eve*.

What words have past thy Lips, *Adam* severe,  
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happ'd thou being by,  
 Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there,  
 Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd  
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;  
 No ground of enmitie between us known,  
 Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.  
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
 As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
 Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,  
 Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
 Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,  
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.

To whom then first incens'd *Adam* repli'd,  
 Is this the Love, is this the recompence  
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, exprest  
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
 Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliss,  
 Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:  
 And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?  
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
 The danger, and the lurking Enemy  
 That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,  
 And force upon free will hath here no place.  
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
 Either to meet no danger, or to finde  
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps

I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue  
That error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting  
Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook;  
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,  
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,  
And of thir vain contest appear'd no end.

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*The End of the Ninth Book.*

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# Paradise Lost.

## BOOK X.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Mans transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that The entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity clarks them both, and reascends. Sin and Death suting with them at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathie feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan their Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fra, they pave a broad Highway or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full of assembly relates with boasting his success*



success against *Adam*; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom given in *Paradise*; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretells the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. *Adam* more and more perceiving his fallen condition bitterly bewails, rejects the condolment of *Eve*; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on their Offspring, proposes to *Adam* violent ways which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

**M**Eanwhile the hainous and despightfull act  
Of *Satan* done in *Paradise*, and how  
Hee in the Serpent, had perverted *Eve*,  
Her Husband thee, to taste the fatal fruit,  
Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye  
Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart  
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the mind  
Of Man, with strength entire, and free will arm'd,  
Complete to have discover'd and repulse  
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.  
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd  
The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit.

Who.

Whoever tempted ; which they not obeying,  
 Incurr'd, what could they less, the penalie,  
 And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
 Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste  
 Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad  
 For Man, for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wondring how the subtle Fiend had stoln  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
 From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd  
 All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare  
 That time Celéstial visages, yet mixt  
 With pitié, violated not thir blifs.  
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
 Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know  
 How all befell : they towards the Throne Supream  
 Accountable made haste to make appear  
 With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,  
 And easily approv'd ; when the most High  
 Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,  
 Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd  
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
 Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.  
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed  
 On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't  
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
 Against his Maker ; no Decree of mine  
 Concurring to necessitate his Fall,  
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
 His free Will, to her own inclining left  
 In evn scale. But fall'n he is, and now

on W

What

What rests but that the mortal Sentence pass  
On his transgression Death denounc't that day,  
Which he presumes already vain and void,  
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find  
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.

Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.  
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee  
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd  
All Judgement whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.  
Easie it might be seen that I intend  
Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee  
Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd  
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,  
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfoulding bright  
Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son  
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,  
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will  
Supream, that thou in mee thy Son below'd  
Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,  
Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,  
When time shall be, for so I undertook  
Before thee; and not repenting, this obaine  
Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom  
On me deriv'd. yet I shall temper so  
Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.  
Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none  
Are to behold the Judgment, but the judg'd,

Those

Those two, the third best absent is condemn'd,  
Convict by sight, and Rebel to all Law  
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose  
Of high collateral gloire: him Thrones and Powers,  
Princedom, and Dominations ministrant  
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence  
*Eden* and all the Coast in prospect lay.  
Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods  
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low  
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour  
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in  
The Evening coole when he from wrauth more coole  
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both  
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard  
Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes  
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard,  
And from his presence hid themselves among  
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God  
Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet  
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
Where obviouſ dutie erewhile appear'd unsought:  
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.  
He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, though first  
To offend, discount'nanc'd both, and discompos'd;  
Love was not in thir looks, either to God  
Or to each other, but apparent guile,  
And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,  
Anger, and obſtinacie, and hate, and guile.  
Whence *Adam* faultring long, thus answer'd brief.  
I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice As.

Affraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom  
The gracious Judge with whom revile repli'd.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
But still rejoyce'st, how is it now become  
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who  
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset repli'd.  
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand  
Before my Judge, either to undergoe  
My self the total Crime, or to accuse  
My other self, the partner of my life;  
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remains,  
I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
By my complaint; but strict necessity  
Subdues me; and calamitous constraint  
Least on my head both sin and punishment,  
However insupportable, be all  
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.

This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,  
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
And what she did, whatever in it self,  
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;  
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eat.

To whom the sovran Presence thus repli'd.  
Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey  
Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place  
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd

Hers

Hers in all real dignitie: Adorn'd  
Shee was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts  
Were such as under Government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part  
And person, had'st thou known thy self aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:  
Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd repli'd.

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate,  
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay

To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transerre  
The Guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his Creation; justly then accurst.

As vitiated in Nature: more to know  
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)  
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:  
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst  
Above all Cattle, each Beast of the Field;  
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,  
And dust shalt eat all the dayes of thy Life.  
Between Thee and the Woman I will put  
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;  
Her Seed shall bruse thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd  
When *Iesus* son of *Mary* second Eve,  
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,

Prince

Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave  
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumph  
In open shew, and with ascension bright  
Captivity led captive through the Aire,  
The Realm it self of Satan long usurpt,  
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;  
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie  
By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will  
Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

On *Adam* last thus judgement he pronounc'd.  
Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,  
And eaten of the Tree concerning which  
I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eat thereof,  
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow  
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy Life;  
Thorns also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid, and thou shalt eat th' Herb of th' Field,  
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eat Bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.

So judg'd be Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day  
Remov'd farr off, then pittying how they stood  
Before him naked to the aire, that now  
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,  
As when he wash'd his servants feet so now  
As Father of his Familie he clad  
Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,  
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;

And thought not much to cloath his Enemies :  
 Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins  
 Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
 Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,  
 Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.  
 To him with swift ascent he up return'd,  
 Into his blisful bosom reassum'd  
 In glory as of old, to him appeas'd  
 All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man  
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.  
 Meanwhile ere thus was fin'd and judg'd on Earth,  
 Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death,  
 In counterview within the Gates, that now  
 Stood open wide, belching our rageous flame  
 Farr into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,  
 Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing  
 Idly, while Satan our great Author thrives  
 In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides  
 For us his offspring Genes? It cannot be  
 But that success attends him; if mishap,  
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n  
 By his Avengers, since no place like this  
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
 Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large  
 Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,  
 Or sympathie, or som connatural force  
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
 With secret amity things of like kinde  
 By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade  
 Inseparable must with mee along:  
 For Death from Sin no power can separate,  
 But leass the difficultie of passing back



Stay his return perhaps over this Gulfe  
 Impassable, Impervious, let us try  
 Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine  
 Not unagreeable, to sound a path  
 Over this Maine from Hell to that new World  
 Where Satan now prevails, a Monument  
 Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,  
 Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse;  
 Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.  
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
 By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon,  
 Goe whither Fate and inclination strong  
 Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre  
 The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw  
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
 The savour of Death from all things there that live;  
 Nor shall I to the work thou earnest  
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight be smelt the smell  
 Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock  
 Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,  
 Against the day of Battel, to a Field,  
 Where Asniles lie encamp't, come flying, lured  
 With sent of living Carcasses design'd  
 For death, the following day, in bloodie fight,  
 So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
 His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,  
 Sagacious of his Quarry from so farr.  
 Then Both from out Hell Gates into the walle  
 Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark  
 Flew divers, and with Power (thir Power was great)  
 Hovering upon the Waters; what they met  
 Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea

Toft up and down, together crowded drove  
 From each fide shoaling towards the mouth of Hell,  
 As when two Polar Winds blowing adverfe  
 Upon the *Cremian* Sea, together drive  
 Mountains of Ice, that flop the imagin'd way  
 Beyond *Petfara* Eastward, to the rich  
*Cathaian* Coast. The aggregated Soyle  
 Death with his Mass perfic, cold and dry,  
 As with a Tridens fmore, and fixt as firm  
 As *Dilas* floating once, the reft his look  
 Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,  
 And with *Affinitie* ftime: broad as the Gate,  
 Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
 They faften'd, and the Mole immense wraight on  
 Over the foaming deep high Archt. a Bridge  
 Of length prodigious joining to the Wall  
 Immovable of this new fencelefs world  
 Forfeit to Death, from hence a paffage broad,  
 Smooth, eafie, inoffenfive down to Hell.  
 So, if great things to fmall may be compar'd,  
*Xerxes* the Liberie of *Greece* to yoke,  
 From *Sufa* his *Afcompanion* Palace high  
 Came to the Sea, and over *Hiraffons*  
 Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Afia* joyn'd,  
 And fcoug'd with many a ftreach of indignant waves  
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art  
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock  
 Over the vext Abyfs, following the track  
 Of *Satan*, to the left fame place where hee  
 Firft lighted from his Wing, and landed fafe  
 From out of *Chaos* to the out fide bare  
 Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant  
 And Chains they made all faft, too faft they made  
 And durable; and now in little fpace

The confines met of Emphyrean Heav'n  
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell  
 With long reach interpos'd, three severall wayes  
 In light, to each of these three places led.  
 And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,  
 To Paradise first tending, when behold  
 Satan in likeness of an Angel bright  
 Betwixt the *Centaur* and the *Scorpion* steering  
 His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose:  
 Disguis'd he came, but those his Children dear  
 Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
 Hee after *Eve* seduc't, unminded slunk  
 Into the Wood fall by, and changing shape  
 To observe the sequel; saw his guileful act  
 By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded  
 Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought  
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them terrifi'd  
 Hee fled, nor hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present, fearing guiltie what his wrath  
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd  
 By Night, and listening where the hapless Paire  
 Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaine,  
 Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood  
 Not instant, but of future time. With joy  
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,  
 And at the brink of *Chaos*, neer the foot  
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't  
 Met who to meet him came, his Ospring dear.  
 Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight  
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy increas'd.  
 Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire  
 Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.  
 O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,

Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,  
 Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:  
 For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,  
 My Heart, which by a secret harmonie  
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet;  
 That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt  
 Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt  
 That I must after thee with this thy Son,  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three:  
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
 Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure  
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast achiev'd our libertie, confu'd  
 Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd  
 To fortifie thus farr, and overlay  
 With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.  
 Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won  
 What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd  
 With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
 Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,  
 There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,  
 As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
 And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide  
 Of all things parted by th' Empyreal bounds,  
 His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,  
 Or trie thee now more dangerous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd glad  
 Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,  
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race  
 Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name,  
 Antagonist of Heav'n's Almighty King)

Ampl

Amplly have merited of me, of all  
Th' infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore  
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
Mine with this glorious Work, and made one Realm  
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent  
Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease  
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them rejoyce,  
You two this way, among these numerous Orbs  
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
There dwell and Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth  
Dominion exercise and in the Aire,  
Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
My Substitutes I send ye, and Create  
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now  
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,  
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.  
If your joynt power prevailes, th' affaires of Hell  
No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed  
Thir course through thickest Constellations held  
Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,  
And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips  
Then sufferd. Th' other way *Satan* went down  
The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side  
Disparted *Chaos* over built exclaim'd,  
And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,  
That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pass'd,  
And all about found desolate; for those  
Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,

Flown to the upper World; the rest were all  
 Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls  
 Of *Pandemonium*, Citie and proud seat  
 Of *Lucifer*, so by allusion call'd,  
 Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragon'd.  
 There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand  
 In Council sat, solicitous what chance  
 Might intercept thir Emperour sent, so hee  
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd.  
 As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe  
 By *Astracan* over the Snowie Plaines  
 Retires, or *Bastrian* *Sophi* from the hornes  
 Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
 The Realm of *Aladula*, in his retreat  
 To *Tauris* or *Casbeen*. So these the late  
 Heav'n-banish'd Host, left desert utmost Hell  
 Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch  
 Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting  
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search  
 Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,  
 In shew Plebeian Angel militant  
 Of lowest order, past; and from the dore  
 Of that *Plutonian* Hall, invisible  
 Ascended his high Throne, which under state  
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end  
 Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while  
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen:  
 At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head  
 And shape Starr bright appear'd, or brighter, clad  
 With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd  
 At that so sudden blaze the *Strygian* throng  
 Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
 Thir mighty Chief return'd: loud was th' acclaime:  
Forth

Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,  
 Rais'd from thir Dark *Divan*, and with like joy  
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
 Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers;  
 For in possession such, not onely of right,  
 I call ye and declare ye now, return'd  
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal Pir  
 Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,  
 And Dungeon of our Tyrant : Now possess,  
 As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven  
 Little inferiour, by my adventure hard  
 With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell  
 What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine  
 Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
 Of horrible confusion, over which  
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
 To expedite your glorious march, but I  
 Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride  
 Th' untractable Abyffe, plung'd in the womb  
 Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wilde,  
 That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd  
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproare  
 Protesting Fate supreme ; thence how I found  
 The new created World, which fame in Heav'n  
 Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful  
 Of absolute perfection, therein Man  
 Plac't in a *Paradise*, by our exile  
 Made happie : Him by fraud I have seduc'd  
 From his Creator, and the more to increase  
 Your wonder, with an Apple ; he thereat  
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
 Both his beloved Man and all his World,

To

To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
 Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,  
 To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
 True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather  
 Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape  
 Man I deceav'd : that which to mee belongs,  
 Is enmity, which he will put between  
 Mee and Mankind ; I am to bruise his heel ;  
 His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head :  
 A World who would not purchase with a bruise,  
 Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have th' account  
 Of my performance : What remains, ye Gods,  
 But up and enter now into full blifs.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
 Thir universal shout and high applause  
 To fill his care, when contrary he hears  
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn, he wonderd, but not long  
 Had leasure, wondring at himself now more,  
 His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
 His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining  
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
 A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,  
 Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power  
 Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,  
 According to his doom : he would have spoke,  
 But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue  
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd  
 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories  
 To his bold Riot : dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now  
 With complicated monsters head and taile,

Scorpion



Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphibana* dire,  
*Ceraſtes* hornd, *Hydrus*, and *Elaps* drear,  
 And *Dipsas* (not ſo thick ſwarm'd once the Soil  
 Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Iſle  
*Ophiuſa*) but ſtill greateſt hee the miſt,  
 Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun  
 Ingenderd in the *Pyſſian* Vale on ſlime,  
 Huge *Python*, and his Power no leſs he ſeem'd  
 Above the reſt ſtill to retain; they all  
 Him follow'd iſſuing forth to th' open Field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted Rout  
 Heav'n-fall'n, in ſtation ſtood or juſt array,  
 Sublime with expectation when to ſee  
 In Triumph iſſuing forth thir glorious Chief;  
 They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead, a crowd  
 Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,  
 And horrid ſympathie; for what they ſaw;  
 They felt themſelves now changing; down thir arms,  
 Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as faſt,  
 And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form  
 Catcht by Contagion, like in puniſhment,  
 As in thir crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant;  
 Turn'd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame  
 Caſt on themſelves from thir own mout's. There ſtood  
 A Grove hard by, ſprung up with this thir change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Thir penance, laden with Fruit like that  
 Which grew in *Paradiſe*, the bait of *Eve*  
 Us'd by the Tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange  
 Thir earneſt eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden Tree a multitude  
 Now riſ'n, to work them ſurther woe or ſhame;  
 Yet parcht with ſcalding thruſt and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them lent, could not abſtain,

But

But on thy rould in heaps, and up the Trees  
 Climbing, fat thicker then the snake's locks  
 That curl'd *Mezara*: greedily they pluck'd  
 The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Neer that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;  
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
 Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit  
 Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drug as oft,  
 With hatefulest disrelisht writh'd thir jaws  
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
 Into the same illusion, not as Man (plagu'd  
 Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they  
 And worn with Famine, long and ceaseless hiss,  
 Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,  
 Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
 To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.  
 However some tradition they dispers'd  
 Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,  
 And fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they call'd  
*Ophion* with *Eurynome*, the wide-  
 Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n  
 And *Ops*, ere yet *Dilean* *Jove* was born.  
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,  
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*  
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began.

Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering *Death*,

What

What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earn'd  
With travail difficult, not better farr  
Then still at Hells dark threshold to have fate watch,  
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.  
To mee, who with eternal Famine pine,  
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,  
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;  
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.  
Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, and Flours  
Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,  
No homely morsels, and whatever thing  
The Sicke of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,  
Till I in Man residing through the Race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,  
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several wayes,  
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,  
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,  
To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance  
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I  
So fair and good created, and had still  
Kept in that State, had not the folly of Man  
Let in these wasteful Furies, who impute  
Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell  
And his Adherents, that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and possess  
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
To gratifie my scornful Enemies,

That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
 Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,  
 At random yielded up to their misrule ;  
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither  
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
 Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed  
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst  
 With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling  
 Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,  
 Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at last  
 Through *Chaos* hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.  
 Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure  
 To sanctitie that shall receive no staine :  
 Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes.

He ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud  
 Sung *Halleluia*, as the sound of Seas,  
 Through multitude that sung : Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works ;  
 Who can extenuate thee ? Next, to the Son,  
 Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom  
 New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,  
 Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir song,  
 While the Creator calling forth by name  
 His mightie Angels gave them severall charge,  
 As sorted best with present things. The Sun  
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
 As might affect the Earth with cold and heat  
 Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call  
 Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring  
 Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone  
 Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five  
 Thir planetarie motions and aspects  
 In *Sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Opposite*;

Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne  
 In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt  
 Thir influence malignant when to shewre,  
 Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,  
 Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set  
 Thir corners, when with bluster to confound  
 Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle  
 With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.  
 Some say he bid his Angels turne ascanse  
 The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd  
 Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun  
 Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode  
 Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n  
*Atlantick Sisters*, and the *Spartan Twins*  
 Up to the *Tropic Crab*; thence down amaine  
 By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,  
 As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change  
 Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring  
 Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,  
 Equal In Days and Nights, except to those  
 Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day  
 Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun  
 To recompence his distance, in thir sight  
 Had rounded still th' *Horizon*, and not known  
 Or East or West: which had forbid the Snow  
 From cold *Estotiland*, and South as farr  
 Beneath *Magellan*. At that tasted Fruit  
 The Sun, as from *Thyestean Banquet*, turn'd  
 His course intended; else how had the World  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?  
 These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd  
 Like change on Sea and Land, sidental blast,  
 Vapour,

Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and Pestilent : Now from the North  
 Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar  
 Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice  
 And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,  
*Boreas* and *Cacias* and *Argestes* loud  
 And *Thrafcias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn ;  
 With adverse blast up-turns them from the South  
*Notus* and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds  
 From *Serrationa* ; thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the *Leuiant* and the *Ponent* Windes  
*Eurus* and *Zephir* with thir lateral noise,  
*Sirocco*, and *Libecchio*, Thus began  
 Outrage from liveless things ; but Discord first  
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,  
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie :  
 Beast now with Beast gan war, and Fowle with Fowle  
 And Fish with Fish ; to graze the Herb all leaying,  
 Devour'd each other ; nor stood much in awe  
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
 Glar'd on him passing : these were from without  
 The growing miseries, which *Adam* saw  
 Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,  
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie ! is this the end  
 Of this new glorious World, and mee so late  
 The Glory of that Glory, who now becom  
 Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my high  
 Of happiness ; yet well, if here would end  
 The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare  
 My own deservings ; but this will nor serve ;

All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, *Encrease and multiply*,  
 Now death to heare! for what can I encrease  
 Or multiplie, but curses on my head?  
 Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,  
 For this we may thank *Adam*; but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration; so besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,  
 On mee as on thir natural center light  
 Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes  
 Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay  
 To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place  
 In this delicious Garden? as my Will  
 Concurd not to my being, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
 Desirous to resigne, and render back  
 All I receav'd, unable to performe  
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
 Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? inexplicable  
 Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,  
 I thus contest; then should have been refusd  
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:  
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,  
 Then cavil the conditions? and though God  
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son  
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,

T

Where:

Wherefore didst thou beget me ? I sought it not  
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
 That proud excuse ? yet him not thy election,  
 But Natural necessity begot.

God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
 To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,  
 Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.

Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,  
 That dust I am, and shall to dust returne :  
 O welcom hour whenever ! why delays

His hand to execute what his Decree  
 Fixd on this day ? why do I overlive,  
 Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out  
 To deathless pain ? how gladly would I meet  
 Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth.

Insensible, how glad would lay me down  
 As in my Mothers lap ? there I should rest  
 And sleep secure ; his dreadful voice no more

Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
 To mee and to my offspring would torment me  
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt

Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,  
 Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man  
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish

With this corporeal Clod ; then in the Grave,  
 Or in some other dismal place who knows  
 But I shall die a living Death ? O thought

Horrid, if true ! yet why ? it was but breath  
 Of Life that sinn'd ; what dies but what had life  
 And sin ? the Bodie properly hath neither.

All of me then shall die : let this appease  
 The doubt since humane reach no further knows.

For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
 Is his wrauth also ? be it, man is not so.

But



But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
 Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?  
 Can he make deathless Death? that were to make  
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
 Impossible is held, as Argument  
 Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,  
 For angers sake, finite to infinite  
 In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour  
 Satisfi'd never; that were to extend  
 His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,  
 By which all Causes else according still  
 To the reception of thir matter act,  
 Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say  
 That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,  
 Bereaving sense, but endless miserie  
 From this day onward, which I feel begun  
 Both in me, and without me, and so last  
 To perpetuities; Ay me, that fear  
 Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution  
 On my defenseless head; both Death and I  
 Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,  
 Nor I on my part single, in mee all  
 Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie  
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able  
 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!  
 So disinherited how would ye blest  
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
 For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,  
 Not to do onely, but to will the same  
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? Him after all Disputes  
 Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain,

But

T 2

And

And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead me still  
 But to my own conviction: first and last  
 On mee, mee onely, as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrauth. Fond wish! couldst thou sup-  
 That burden heavier then the Earth to bear (port  
 Then all the World much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st  
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroyes all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future,  
 To *Satan* only like both crime and doom.  
 O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus *Adam* to himself lamented loud  
 Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,  
 Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air  
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil Conscience represented  
 All things with double terror: On the Ground  
 Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardie execution, since denounc't  
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,  
 Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?  
 But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
 O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs,  
 With other echo late I taught your Shades  
 To answer, and resound far other Song.  
 Whom thus afflicted when sad *Eve* beheld,

Desolate

Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,  
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:  
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best  
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false  
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew  
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee  
Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form, pretended  
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee  
I had persisted happie, had not thy pride  
And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen  
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening  
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting  
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
And understood not all was but a shew  
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib  
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister from me drawn,  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie  
To my just number found. O why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n  
With Spirits Masculine, create at last  
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once  
With Men as Angels without Feminine,  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,  
And more that shall befall, innumerable  
Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,

And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either  
 He never shall find out fit Mate, but such  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,  
 Or whom he wilhes most shall seldom gain  
 Through her perversness, but shall see her gaind  
 By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld  
 By Parents, or his happieſt choice too late  
 Shall meet, already linkt and Wedlock-bound  
 To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:  
 Which infinite calamitie shall cause  
 To Humane life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*  
 Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
 And tresses all disorderd, at his feet  
 Fell humble, and imbracing them, besought  
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forſake me not thus, *Adam*, witneſs Heav'n  
 What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart  
 I beare thee, and unwitting have offended,  
 Unhappilie deceav'd; thy ſuppliant  
 I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,  
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counſel in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,  
 My onely ſtrength and ſtay: forlorn of thee,  
 Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?  
 While yet we live, ſcarſe one ſhort hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,  
 As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie  
 Againſt a Foe by doom expreſs assign'd us,  
 That cruel Serpent: On me exerciſe not  
 Thy hatred for this miſerie befall'n,  
 On me already loſt, mee then thy ſelf  
 More miſerable; both have ſin'd, but thou  
 Againſt God onely, I againſt God and thee,

[And

And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,  
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wrought  
Commiseration; soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
Creature so faire his reconciliation seeking,  
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide,  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thy self; alas,  
Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine  
His full wrauth whose thou feel'st as yet left part,  
And my displeasure beart so ill. If Prayers  
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
That on my head all might be visited,  
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,  
To me committed and by me expos'd.  
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
In offices of Love, how we may light'n  
Each others burden in our share of woe;  
Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,  
A long days dying to augment our paine,  
And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, replid,  
*Adam*, by sad experiment I know  
 How little weight my words with thee can finde,  
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
 Found so unfortunate, nevertheless,  
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine  
 Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart  
 Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
 What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,  
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
 If care of our descent perplex us most,  
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd  
 By Death at last, and miserable it is  
 To be to others cause of misery,  
 Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring  
 Into this curld World a woful Race,  
 That after wretched Life must be at last  
 Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power  
 It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent  
 The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
 ✓ Childless thou art, Childless remaine:  
 2 So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two  
 Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.  
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
 From Loves due Rites, Nuptial imbraces sweet,  
 And with desire to languish without hope,  
 Before the present object languishing  
 With like desire, which would be meretricious  
 And torment less then none of what we dread,

Then

Then both our selves and Seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short,  
Let us seek Death, or be not found, supply  
With our own hands his Office on our selves;  
Why stand we longer shivering under feares,  
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,  
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy.

She ended heere, or vehement despaire  
Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts  
Had entertaind, as did her Cheeks with pale.  
But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway'd,  
To better hopes his more attentive minde  
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* repli'd.

*Eve*, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee something more sublime  
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;  
But self-destruction therefore sought, refuses  
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.  
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
Of miserie, so thinking to evade  
The penaltie pronounc'd, doubt not but God  
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so  
To be forestall'd, much more I fear least Death  
So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine  
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
Of contumacie will provoke the highest  
To make death in us live: Then let us seek  
Some safer resolution, which methinks  
I have in view, calling to minde with heed  
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise  
The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless

Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe  
*Satan*, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd  
 Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost  
 By death brought on our selves, or childless days  
 Resolv'd, as thou propos'st; so our Foe  
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee  
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
 No more be mention'd then of violence  
 Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,  
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely  
 Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,  
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
 Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild  
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd  
 Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected  
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
 Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee  
 Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,  
 And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,  
 Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope  
 Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne  
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;  
 My labour will sustain me; and least Cold  
 Or Heat should injure us, his timely care  
 Hath unbesought provided, and his hands  
 Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;  
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
 Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,  
 And teach us further by what means to shun  
 Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,  
 Which now the Skie with various Face begins  
 To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds  
 Blow moist and keen, flustering the graceful locks



Of these fair spreading Trees, which bid us seek  
 Som better shroud, som beyer warmth to cherish  
 Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr  
 Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams  
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
 Or by collision of two bodies grinde  
 The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds  
 Jostling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock  
 Tine the flant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n  
 Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine, (down  
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr,  
 Which might supplie the Sun : such Fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedie or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace  
 Besecching him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, then to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.  
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn  
 From his displeasure, in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 What else but favor, grace, and mercie shon ?  
 So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse : they forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd

Humbly

Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears  
Watering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

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*The End of the Tenth Book,*

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# Paradise Lost.

## BOOK XI.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a Band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michaels coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michaels approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces thir departure, Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in vision what shall happ'n till the Flood.*

**T**HUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above  
Preventent Grace descending had remov'd  
The stonie from thir hearts, & made new flesh  
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd

Unutter-

Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
 Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port  
 Not of mean suitors, nor important less  
 Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair  
 In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,  
*Deucalion* and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore  
 The Race of Mankind drown'd, before the Shrine  
 Of *Themis* stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers  
 Flew up, nor mis'd the way, by envious winds  
 Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd  
 Dimensionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad  
 With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,  
 By thir great Intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Fathers Throne: Thence the glad Son  
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung  
 From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs  
 And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt  
 With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,  
 Fruits of more pleasing favour from thy seed  
 Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those  
 Which his own hand manuring all the Trees  
 Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n  
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear  
 To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee  
 Interpret for him, mee his Advocate  
 And propitiation, all his works on mee  
 Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those  
 Shall perfer, and for these my Death shall pay.  
 Accept me, and in mee from these receive  
 The smell of peace toward Mankind, let him live  
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days

Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom ( which I  
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse )  
To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee  
All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.  
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
Obtain, all thy request was my Decree :  
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids :  
Those pure immortal Elements that know  
No gross, no unharmonious mixture soule,  
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,  
And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first  
Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I at first with two faire gifts  
Created him endowd, with Happines  
And Immortalitie : that fondly lost,  
This other serv'd but to eternize woe ;  
Till I provided Death, so Death becomes  
His final remedie, and after Life  
Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
By Faith and faithful works, to second Life ;  
Wak't in the renovation of the just,  
Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.  
But let us call to Synod all the Blest  
Through Heav'n's wide bounds ; from them I will not  
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed, ( hide  
As how with peccant Angels late they saw ;  
And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
To the bright Minister that watchd, hee blew

His

His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since perhaps  
 When God descended, and perhaps once more  
 To sound at general Doom. Th' Angelic blast  
 Fild all the Regions: from thir blisful Bowers  
 Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,  
 By the waters of Life, where ere they sate  
 In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light  
 Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,  
 And took thir Seats; till from his Throne supream  
 Th' Almighty thus pronounced his sovran Will,

O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
 To know both Good and Evil, since his taste  
 Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast  
 His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,  
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known  
 Good by it self, and Evil not at all.  
 He sorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite,  
 My motions in him, longer then they move,  
 His heart I know, how variable and vain  
 Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand  
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
 And live for ever, dream at least to live  
 For ever, to remove him I decree,  
 And send him from the Garden forth to Till  
 The Ground whence he was taken, sitter soile.

*Michael*, this my behest have thou in charge,  
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
 Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend  
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
 Vacant possession som new trouble raise:  
 Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God  
 Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,  
 From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce  
 To them and to thir Progenie from thence

Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint  
 At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,  
 For I behold them softn'd and with tears  
 Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale  
 To *Adam* what shall come in future dayes,  
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix  
 My Cov'nant in the womans seed renewd;  
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:  
 And on the East side of the Garden place,  
 Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbs,  
 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame  
 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:  
 Least Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,  
 With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.  
 He ceas'd, and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd  
 For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each  
 Had, like a double *Janus*, all thir shape  
 Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then those  
 Of *Argus*, and more wakeful then to drouze,  
 Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Pastoral Reed  
 Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod. Mean while  
 To refalure the World with sacred Light  
*Leucisbea* wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalmd  
 The Earth, when *Adam* and first Marron *Eve*  
 Had ended now thir Orisons, and found  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;  
 Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renewd.

*Eve*, easily may Faith admit, that all

The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends;  
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n  
 So prevalent as to concerne the mind  
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,  
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,  
 Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne  
 Ev'n to the Seat of God. For since I saught  
 By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appease,  
 Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,  
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
 Bending his eare; perswasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favour; peace return'd  
 Home to my Brest, and to my memorie  
 His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe;  
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee,  
*Eve* rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,  
 Mother of all things living, since by thee  
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.  
 Ill worthie I such title should belong  
 To me transgressour, who for thee ordain'd  
 A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach  
 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
 That I who first brought Death on all, am grac'd  
 The source of life; next favourable thou,  
 Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,  
 Farr other name deserving. But the Field  
 To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
 Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,  
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
 Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,



I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
 Where ere our days work lies, though now enjoind  
 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,  
 What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?  
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much-humbld Eve, but Fate  
 Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, impress'd  
 On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd  
 After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight  
 The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aerie tour,  
 Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:  
 Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,  
 First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;  
 Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight.  
*Adam* observ'd, and with his Eye the chase  
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake.

O Eve, some furdur change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews  
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
 Us haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penaltie, because from death releast  
 Some days; how long, and what till then our life,  
 Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,  
 And thither must return and be no more.  
 Why else this double object in our sight  
 Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground  
 One way the self-same hour? why in the East  
 Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light  
 More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws  
 O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,  
 And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught.  
 He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands  
 Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now

In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,  
 A glorious Apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adam's* eye.  
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
*Jacob* in *Mahanaim*, where he saw  
 The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright ;  
 Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeard  
 In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,  
 Against the Syrian King, who to surprize  
 One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,  
 Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch  
 In this bright stand, there left his Powers to seise  
 Possession of the Garden ; hee alone,  
 To find where *Adam* shekerd, took his way,  
 Not unperceav'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,  
 While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.

*Eve*, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determin, or impose  
 New Laws to be observ'd ; for I descric  
 From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill  
 One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate  
 None of the meanest, some great Potentate  
 Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie  
 Invests him coming ? yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
 As *Raphael*, that I should much confide,  
 But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.  
 He ended ; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape Celestiall, but as Man  
 Clad to meet Man ; over his lucid Armes  
 A militarie Vest of purple flowd  
 Livelier then *Melibæan*, or the graine  
 Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Hero's old

In time of Truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;  
 His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime  
 In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side  
 As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,  
 Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.  
*Adam* bowd low, hee Kingly from his State  
 Inclind not, but his coming thus declar'd.

*Adam*, Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs:  
 Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
 Defeated of his seizure many dayes  
 Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent,  
 And one bad act with many deeds well done  
 Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd  
 Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
 Permits not; to remove thee I am come,  
 And send thee from the Garden forth to till  
 The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.

He added not, for *Adam* at the newes  
 Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
 That all his senses bound; *Eve*, who unseen  
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse then of Death!  
 Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave  
 Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades,  
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
 That never will in other Climate grow,  
 My early visitation, and my last  
 At Eve'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye Names,

Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke  
 Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?  
 Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adorn'd  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower World, to this obscure  
 And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire  
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.  
 Lament not *Eve*, but patiently resigne  
 What justly thou hast lost; nor let thy heart,  
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;  
 Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes  
 Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;  
 Where he abides, think there thy native soile.

*Adam* by this from the cold sudden damp  
 Recovering, and his scatterd spirits return'd,  
 To *Michael* thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd  
 Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem  
 Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould  
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
 And in performing end us; what besides  
 Of sorrow and dejection and despair  
 Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Recess, and onely consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes, all places else  
 Inhospitable appeer and desolate,  
 Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To wearie him with my assiduous cries:  
 But prayer against his absolute Decree

No more avails then breath against the winde,  
 Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
 His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,  
 With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd  
 Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;  
 On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree  
 Stood visible, among these Pines his voice  
 I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:  
 So many grateful Altars I would reare  
 Of grassie Terse, and pile up every Stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,  
 Or monument to Ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet smelling Gumms and Fruits and Flours:  
 In yonder nether World where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or foot step-trace?  
 For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd  
 To life prolongd and promis'd Race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.

To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne.  
*Adam*, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth.  
 Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills  
 Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:  
 All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift; surmise not then  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
 Of *Paradise* or *Eden*: this had been  
 Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spread  
 All generations, and had hither come  
 From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate

And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.  
 But this prazeminence thou hast lost, brought down  
 To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons :  
 Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in plaine  
 God is as here, and will be found alike  
 Present, and of his presence many a signe  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal Love, his Face  
 Exprels, and of his steps the track Divine.  
 Which that thou mayst beleewe, and be confirmd  
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
 To shew thee what shall come in future dayes  
 To thee and to thy Offspring ; good with bad  
 Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending  
 With sinfulness of Men ; thereby to learn  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow, equally enur'd  
 By moderation either state to beare,  
 Prosperous or adverse : so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
 This Hill ; let *Eve* ( for I have drencht her eyes )  
 Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,  
 As once thou slepst, while *Shee* to life was formd.

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.  
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path  
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,  
 However chast'ning, to the evil turne  
 My obvious breast, arming to overcom  
 By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,  
 If so I may attain. So both ascend  
 In the Visions of God : It was a Hill  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 The Hemisphere of Earth in clearest Ken

Stretcht

Stretcht out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.  
 Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
 Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,  
 To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.  
 His Eye might there command wherever stood  
 City of old or modern Fame, the Seat  
 Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls  
 Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathasian Can*  
 And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,  
 To *Paquin* of *Sinaan* Kings, and thence  
 To *Agra* and *Labur* of great *Mogul*  
 Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where  
 The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* sate, or since  
 In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian Ksar*  
 In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,  
*Turchestan*-born; nor could his eye not ken  
 Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port  
*Ercoco* and the less *Maritim* Kings  
*Mombaza*, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,  
 And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realme  
 Of *Congo*, and *Angola* fardest South;  
 Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount  
 The Kingdoms of *Almansor*, *Fez* and *Sus*,  
*Marocco* and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen*;  
 On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to sway  
 The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Motexume*,  
 And *Cusco* in *Peru*, the richer seat  
 Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unspoil'd  
*Guiana*, whose great Citie *Geryons* Sons  
 Call *El Dorado*: but to nobler sights  
*Michael* from *Adams* eyes the Filme remov'd  
 Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight

Had

Had bred; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue  
 The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;  
 And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.  
 So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,  
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That *Adam* now enforc't to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down and all his Spirits became intransit:  
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

*Adam*, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd  
 Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,  
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that derive  
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves  
 New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;  
 Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood  
 Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon  
 A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought  
 First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,  
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next  
 More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock  
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid  
 The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,  
 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.  
 His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n  
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame;  
 The others not, for his was not sincere;  
 Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the Midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale  
 Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.

Much



Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart  
Dismal'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n  
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;  
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?

T' whom *Michael* thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd.  
These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come  
Out of thy loyns; th' unjust the just hath slain,  
For envie that his Brothers Offering found  
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact  
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd  
Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!  
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way  
I must return to native dust? O sight  
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou hast seen  
In his first shape on man; but many shapes  
Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead  
To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
More terrible at th' entrance then within.  
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more  
In Meats and Drinks which on the Earth shall bring  
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know  
What miserie th' inabstinence of *Eve*  
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark,  
A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies  
Of gailly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes

Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,  
 Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs;  
 Intestin-Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,  
 Dæmoniac Phrenzie, mooping Melancholie  
 And Moon-struck madnes, pining Atrophie,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting Pestilence,  
 Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair  
 Tended the sick buliest from Couch to Couch;  
 And over them triumphant Death his Dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc't  
 With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.  
 Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long  
 Drie-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,  
 Though not of Woman born, compassion quell'd  
 His best of Man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,  
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable Mankind, to what fall  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!  
 Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n  
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
 Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismiss in peace. Can thus  
 Th' Image of God in man created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faultie since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas't  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
 Retaining still Divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Makers Image sake exempt?

Their Makers Image, answerd *Michael*. then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they villifi'd  
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
 His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of *Eve*.

Therefore so abject is thir punishment,  
 Disfiguring nor Gods likeness, but thir own;  
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't  
 While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules  
 To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they  
 Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.

I yield it just, said *Adam*, and submit.  
 But is there yet no other way, besides  
 These painful passages, how we may come  
 To Death, and mix with our conatural dust?

There is, said *Michael*, if thou well observe  
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught  
 In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return:  
 So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop  
 Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease  
 Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature:  
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
 To witherd weak and gray; thy Senses then  
 Obsolete, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,  
 To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne  
 A melancholly damp of cold and dry  
 To weigh thy Spirits down, and last consume  
 The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong  
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit

Fairest

Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,  
Which I must keep till my appointed day  
Of rendring up, and patiently attend  
My dissolution. *Michael repl'd,*

Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou livest  
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:  
And now prepare thee for another fight.

He look'd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon  
Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds  
Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the sound  
Of Instruments that made melodious chime  
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moov'd  
Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions low and high  
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant sugar.  
In other part stood one who at the Forge  
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass  
Had melted (whether found where casual fire  
Had wasted woodron Mountain or in Vale,  
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot  
To some Caves mouth, or whether wash'd by stream  
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind  
Into six moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd  
First his own Tooles, then, what might else be wrought  
Fulfil or grav'n in mettle. After these,  
But on the hither side a different sort  
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir  
Down to the Plain descended: by thir guise (Sear,  
Just men they seem'd, and all thir study bent  
To worship God aright, and know his works  
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve  
Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain  
Long had not walk'd, when from the Tents behold  
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay

In Gems and wanton dress; to the Harp they sung  
Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:  
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes  
Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net  
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;  
And now of love they treat till th' Evening Star  
Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat  
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke  
*Hymen*, then first to marriage Rites invok't;  
With Feast and Musick all the Tens resound.  
Such happy interview and fair event  
Of love and youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours,  
And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart  
Of *Adam*, soon enclin'd to admit delights,  
The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,  
Much better seems this Vision, and more hope  
Of peaceful dayes portends, then those two past;  
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,  
Here Nature seems fulfilld in all her ends.

To whom thus *Michael*. Judg not what is best  
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,  
Created, as thou art, to nobler end  
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.  
Those Tens thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tens  
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race  
Who slew his Brother; studious they appere  
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,  
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit  
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.  
Yet they a bestrous offspring shall beget;  
For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd  
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good wherein consists

Womans

Womans domestic honour and chief praise,  
 Bred onely and completer to the taste  
 Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
 To dress, and trouble the Tongue, and roule the Eye.  
 To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives  
 Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,  
 Shall yield up all thir vertue, all thir fame  
 Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles  
 Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,  
 (Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for which  
 The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.

To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft.  
 O pittie and shame, that they who to live well  
 Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread  
 Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!  
 But still I see the tenor of Mans woe  
 Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,  
 Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place  
 By wisdom, and superiour gifts receav'd.  
 But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He lookd and saw wide Territorie spread  
 Before him, Towns, and rural works between,  
 Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towns,  
 Concourse in Arms, fierce Faces threatening Warr,  
 Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise;  
 Part wield thir Arms, part couth the foaming Steed,  
 Single or in Array of Battel rang'd  
 Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring stood;  
 One way a Band select from forage drives  
 A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine  
 From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,  
 Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,  
 Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,

But

But callin aide, which makes a bloody Fray;  
 With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;  
 Where Cattle pastur'd late, now scatterd lies  
 With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguind Field  
 Deserted: Others to a Citie strong  
 Lay Seige, encamp't; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,  
 Assaulting; others from the wall defend  
 With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and Sulfurous Fire;  
 On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
 In other part the scepter'd Haralds call  
 To Council in the Citie Gates: anon  
 Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt;  
 Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon  
 In factious opposition, till at last  
 Of middle Age one rising, eminent  
 In wise deport, spake much of Rights and Wrong,  
 Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,  
 And Judgment from above: him old and young  
 Exploded and had seiz'd with violent hands,  
 Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence  
 Unseen amid the throng: so violence  
 Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law  
 Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.  
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad; O what are these,  
 Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew  
 His Brother; for of whom such massacre  
 Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?  
 But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n  
 Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost?

To whom thus *Michael*. These are the product  
 Of those ill mated Marriages thou saw'st:

Where good with bad were matcht, who of them  
 Abhor to joyn, and by imprudence mixt, (selves  
 Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.  
 Such were these Giants, men of high renown;  
 For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd,  
 And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd;  
 To overcome in Battle, and subdue  
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
 Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done  
 Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,  
 Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,  
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.  
 Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,  
 And what most merits fame in silence hid,  
 But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst  
 The onely righteous in a World perverse,  
 And therefore haed, therefore so beset  
 With Foes for daring single to be just,  
 And utter odious Truth, that God would come  
 To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High  
 Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds  
 Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God  
 High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss,  
 Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward  
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment?  
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd,  
 The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,  
 All now was turn'd to jollitie and game,  
 To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,  
 Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
 Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire  
 Allurd them; thence from Cup to civil Broiles.



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At length a Reverend Sire among them came,  
 And of this doings great dislike declar'd,  
 And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft  
 Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,  
 Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preach'd  
 Conversion and Repentance, as to Soula  
 In Prison under Judgements imminent:  
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he cras'd  
 Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off;  
 Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,  
 Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,  
 Measur'd by Cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,  
 Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore  
 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large  
 For Man and Beast: when loe a wonder strange!  
 Of every Beast, and Bird, and Insect small  
 Came seavens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught  
 Thir order: last the Sire, and his three Sons  
 With thir four Wives; and God made fast the dore.  
 Meanwhile the Southwind rose, and with black wings  
 Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove  
 From under Heav'n, the Hills to their supplie  
 Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,  
 Sent up amain; and pow the thick'nd Skie  
 Like a dark Ceeling flood; down rush'd the Rain  
 Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth  
 No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum  
 Uplis'd; and secure with beaked prow  
 Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else  
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all thir pomp  
 Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,  
 Sea without shoar; and in thir Palace  
 Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd  
 And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,

All left, in one small bottom swim imbark't:  
 Now didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold  
 The end of all thy Ql'spring, end so sad,  
 Depopulation; thee another Flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow a Flood thee also drown'd,  
 And sunk thee as thy Sons, till gently reard  
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,  
 Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns  
 His Children, all in view destroy'd at once;  
 And scarce to th' Angel utterd'st thus thy plaint.

O Visions ill foreseen! better had I  
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne  
 My part of evil onely, each dayes lot  
 Anough to beare, those now, that were dispers'd  
 The burd'n of many Ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth  
 Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,  
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
 Him or his Childern, evil he may be sure,  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
 And hee the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension then in substance feel  
 Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,  
 Man is not whom to warne: those few escap't  
 Famin and anguish will at last consume  
 Wandring that watrie Desert: I had hope  
 When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,  
 All would have then gon well, peace would have  
 With length of happy dayes the race of man, (crownd  
 But I was farr deceav'd; for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste.  
 How comes it thus? unsould, Celestial Guide,  
 And whether here the Race of man will end.

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To whom thus *Michael*. Those whom last thou sawst  
 In Triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits, but of true vertu void;  
 Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste  
 Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby  
 Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,  
 Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in Peace,  
 The conquerd also, and enslav'd by Warr  
 Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose  
 And fear of God, from whom thir plerie feign'd  
 In sharp contest of Battel found no aide  
 Against invaders; therefore coold in zeale  
 Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,  
 Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear  
 More then enough, that temperance may be tri'd:  
 So all shall turn degenerate. all deprav'd,  
 Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;  
 One Man except, the onely Son of light  
 In a dark Age, against example good,  
 Against allurements, custom, and a World  
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes  
 Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,  
 And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come  
 On thir impenitence; and shall returne  
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd  
 The one just Man alive; by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,  
 To save himself and household from amidst

A World devote to universal rack.  
 No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast  
 Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,  
 And shelter'd round, but all the Cataracts  
 Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre  
 Raine day and night, all fountains of the Deep  
 Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
 Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount  
 Of Paradise by might of Waves be moov'd  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift  
 Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,  
 And there take root an Iland salt and bare,  
 The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.  
 To reach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctitie, if none be thither brought  
 By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood,  
 Which now abared, for the Clouds were fled,  
 Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie  
 Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decal'd;  
 And the cleer Sun on his wide watric Glasse  
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,  
 As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink  
 From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole  
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had slopt  
 His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut.  
 The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground  
 Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.  
 And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;  
 With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive  
 Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.

Forth-

Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,  
 And after him, the surer messenger,  
 A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie  
 Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;  
 The second time returning, in his Bill  
 An Olive lease he brings, pacific signe:  
 Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke  
 The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;  
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds  
 A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow  
 Conspicuous with three list'd colours gay,  
 Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.  
 Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad  
 Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent  
 As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive  
 At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live  
 With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.  
 Farr less I now lament for one whole World  
 Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce  
 For one Man found so perfect and so just,  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another World  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heav'n,  
 Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,  
 Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde  
 The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,  
 Least it again dissolve and shewr the Earth?

To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;  
 So willingly doth God remit his Ire,  
 Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,  
 Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
 The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh

Corrupting each thir way ; yet those remoov'd,  
 Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,  
 That he relents, nor to blot out mankind,  
 And makes a Covenant never to destroy  
 The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea  
 Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World  
 With Man therein or Beast ; but when he brings  
 Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set  
 His triple- colour'd Bow, whereon to look  
 And call to mind his Cov'nant : Day and Night,  
 Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost  
 Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new,  
 Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

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*The End of the Eleventh Book,*

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# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK XII.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension; the state of the Church till his second Coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these Relations and Promises descends the Hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their Stations to guard the Place,*

**A**s one who in his journey bates at Noone,  
Though bent on speed, so heere the Arch-  
angel paus'd

Betwixt the world destroy'd and world re-  
If *Adam* aught perhaps might interpose; (stor'd,  
Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes.

Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;  
And Man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine  
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:  
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second sours of Men, while yet but few;  
And while the dread of judgement past remains  
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,  
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,  
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast,  
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes  
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise  
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content  
With fair equalitie, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,  
Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)  
With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse

Sub.



Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:  
 A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd  
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,  
 Or from Heav'n claiming second Sovrantie;  
 And from Rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of Rebellion others he accuse.  
 Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall finde  
 The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;  
 Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
 A Citie and Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n;  
 And get themselves a name, least far disperst  
 In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
 But God who oft descends to visit men  
 Unseen, and through thir habitations walks  
 To mark thir doings, them beholding soon,  
 Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower  
 Obstruct Heav'n Towrs, and in derision sets  
 Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to rase  
 Quite out thir Native Language, and instead  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:  
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
 Among the Builders; each to other calls  
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
 As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n  
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange  
 And hear the din; thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.  
 Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd.  
 O wretched Son so to aspire

Above

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Above his Brethren, to himself assuming  
 Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n :  
 He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl  
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
 By his donation; but Man over men  
 He made not Lord; such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this Usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends  
 Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food  
 Will he convey up thither to sustain  
 Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire  
 Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'st  
 That Son, who on the quiet state of men  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational Libertie; yet know withall,  
 Since thy original lapse, true Libertie  
 Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells  
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:  
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires  
 And upstart Passions catch the Government  
 From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
 Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits  
 Within himself unworthie Powers to reign  
 Over free Reason, God in Judgement just  
 Subjects him from without to violent Lords;  
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
 His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,  
 Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low

From

From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But Justice, and some fatal curse annex  
 Deprives them of thir outward libertie,  
 Thir inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son  
 Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame  
 Don to his Father, heard this heave curse,  
*Servant of Servants*, on his vitious Race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former World,  
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to thir own pollured wayes;  
 And one peculiar Nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,  
 A Nation from one faithful man to spring:  
 Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,  
 Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men  
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone  
 For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes  
 To call by Vision from his Fathers house,  
 His kindred and false Gods, into a Land  
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
 A mightie Nation, and upon him showre  
 His benediction so, that in his Seed  
 All Nations shall be blest; he straight obeys,  
 Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith  
 He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile  
 Of *Chaldæa*, passing now the Ford

To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train  
 Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;  
 Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
*Canaan* he now attains, I see his Tents  
 Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plaine  
 Of *Morab*; there by promise he receaves  
 Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;  
 From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South  
 ( Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd )  
 From *Herman* East to the great Western Sea,  
 Mount *Herman*, yonder Sea, each place behold  
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare  
 Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted stream  
*Jordan*, true limit Eastward; but his Sons  
 Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.  
 This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth  
 Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed  
 Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise  
 The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon  
 Plainlier shall be reveald. This Patriarch blest,  
 Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,  
 A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,  
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;  
 The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs  
 From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call'd  
*Egypt*, divided by the River *Nile*;  
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouthes  
 Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land  
 He comes invited by a yonger Son  
 In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds  
 Raife him to be the second in that Realme  
 Of *Pharao*: there he dies, and leaves his Race

Grow-

Growing into a Nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks  
 To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves.  
 Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males :  
 Till by two brethren ( those two brethren call  
*Moses and Aaron* ) sent from God to claime  
 His people from enthralment, they return  
 With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land.  
 But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies  
 To know thir God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd by Signes and Judgements dire;  
 To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,  
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill  
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land ;  
 His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,  
 Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,  
 And all his people ; Thunder mixt with Haile,  
 Haile mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Skie  
 And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it roul's ;  
 What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit; or Graine,  
 A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green :  
 Darknes must overshadow all his bounds,  
 Pairable darkness, and blot out three dayes ;  
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
 Of *Egypt* must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
 The River-dragon tam'd at length submits  
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice  
 More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage  
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea  
 Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass

As on drie land between two cristall walls,  
Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand  
Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar :  
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend;  
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe  
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire;  
By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,  
To guide them in thir journey, and remove  
Behinde them, while th' obdurate King pursues :  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning Watch ;  
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his Host  
And craze thir Chariot wheels : when by command  
*Moses* once more his potent Rod extends  
Over the Sea ; the Sea his Rod obeys ;  
On thir imbattelld ranks the Waves return,  
And overwhelm thir Warr : the Race elect  
Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance  
Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,  
Least entring on the *Canaanite* allarm'd  
Warr terrifie them in expert, and feare  
Return them back to *Egypt*, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude, for life  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet.  
Untrained in Armes, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by thir delay  
In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found  
Thir government, and thir great Senate choose  
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind :  
God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound  
Ordaine

Ordaine them Lawes ; part such as appertaine  
 To civil Justice, part religious Rites  
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
 And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise  
 The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
 Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God  
 To mortal eare is dreadful ; they beseech  
 That *Moses* might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease ; he grants what they besought  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without Mediator, whose high Office now  
*Moses* in figure beares, to introduce  
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
 And all the Prophets in thir Age the times  
 Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites  
 Establishd, such delight hath God in Men  
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
 Among them to set up his Tabernacle,  
 The holy One with mortal Men to dwell :  
 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd  
 Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein  
 An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,  
 The Records of his Cov'nant, over these  
 A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings  
 Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn  
 Seven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing  
 The Heav'nly fires ; over the Tent a Cloud  
 Shall rest by Day, a fiery gleame by Night,  
 Save when they journie, and at length they come,  
 Conducted by his Angel to the Land  
 Promis'd to *Abraham* and his Seed : the rest  
 Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,  
 How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,

Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still  
 A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,  
 Mans voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand,  
 And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialan*,  
 Till *Israël* overcome; so call the third  
 From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.

Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,  
 Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concerne  
 Just *Abraham* and his Seed: now first I finde  
 Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd;  
 Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would become  
 Of mee and all Mankind; but now I see  
 His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,  
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
 Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.  
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
 Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth  
 So many and so various Laws are giv'n;  
 So many Laws argue so many sins  
 Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus *Michael*. Doubt not but that sin  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot;  
 And therefore was Law given them to evince  
 Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up  
 Sin against Law to fight; that when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
 Save by those shadowie expiations weak,  
 The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,  
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
 To them by Faith imputed, they may finde

Justi;



Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies  
 Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part  
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.  
 So law appears imperfet, and but giv'n  
 With purpose to resign them in full time  
 Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd  
 From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,  
 From imposition of strict Laws, to free  
 Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear  
 To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.  
 And therefore shall not *Moses*, though of God  
 Highly belov'd, being but the Minister  
 Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;  
 But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Iesus* call,  
 His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell  
 The adversarie Serpent, and bring back  
 Through the worlds wilderネス long wanderd man  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
 Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac't  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
 National interrupt thir public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies:  
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
 By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom  
 The second, both for pietie renown'd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne  
 For ever shall endure; the like shall sing  
 All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock  
 Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise  
 A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom shall trust

All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings  
 The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.  
 But first a long succession must ensue,  
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,  
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents  
 Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.  
 Such follow him, as shall be registerd  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,  
 Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults  
 Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,  
 Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion, *Babylon* thence call'd.  
 There in captivitie he lets them dwell  
 The space of seventie years, then brings them back,  
 Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn  
 To *David*, stablish'd as the dayes of Heav'n,  
 Return'd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings  
 Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God  
 They first re-edifie, and for a while  
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;  
 But first among the Priests dissension springs,  
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most  
 Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings  
 Upon the Temple it self: at last they seize  
 The Scepter, and regard not *David's* Sons,  
 Then loose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King *Messiah* might be born  
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr  
 Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,

And

And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire  
his place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;  
his place of birth a solemn Angel tells  
To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire  
Of Squadrons Angels hear his Carol sung.  
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire  
The Power of the most High; he shall ascend  
The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign  
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy  
Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,  
Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
What oft my steddier thoughts have searcht in vain,  
Why our great expectation should be call'd  
The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,  
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes  
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son  
Of God most High; So God with man unites.  
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise  
Expect with mortal paine: say where and when  
Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.

To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of thir fight,  
As of a Duel, or the local wounds  
Of head or beel: not therefore joynes the Son  
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome  
*Satan*, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:  
Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works

In thee and in thy Seed : nor can this be,  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd  
 On penaltie of death, and suffering death,  
 The penaltie to thy transgression due,  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow ;  
 So onely can high Justice rest appaid.  
 The Law of God exact he shall fulfill  
 Both by obedience and by love, though love  
 Alone fulfill the Law ; thy punishment  
 He shall endure by coming in the Flesh  
 To a reproachful life and cursed death,  
 Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe  
 In his redemption, and that his obedience  
 Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits  
 To save them, not thir own, though legal works.  
 For this he shall live haied, be blasphem'd,  
 Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd  
 A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross  
 By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life,  
 But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,  
 The Law that is against thee, and the sins  
 Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi'd.  
 Ne. er to hurt them more who rightly trust  
 In this his satisfaction ; so he dies,  
 But soon revives, Death over him no power  
 Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light  
 Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise  
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
 Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,  
 His death for Man, as many as offerd Life  
 Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace  
 By Faith not void of workes : this God-like act

Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,  
 In sin for ever lost from life; this act  
 Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength  
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,  
 And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings  
 Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,  
 A gentle waisting to immortal Life.  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer  
 To his Disciples, Men who in his Life  
 Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd  
 And his Salvation, them who shall beleeve  
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the signe  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life  
 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.  
 All Nations they shall teach; for from that day  
 Not onely to the Sons of *Abrahams* Loines  
 Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons  
 Of *Abrahams* Faith wherever through the world;  
 So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.  
 Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the aire  
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surpris  
 The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines  
 Through all his Realme, and there confounded leave;  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,  
 When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory and power to judge both quick and dead.

To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth  
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies.

So spake th' Archangel *Michael*, then paus'd,  
As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire  
Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
That all this good of evil shall produce,  
And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
Then that which by creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,  
Whether I should repent me now of sin  
By mee done and occasion'd, or joyce  
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,  
To God more glory, more good will to Men  
From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.  
But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n  
Must reascend, what will betide the few  
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth; who then shall guide  
His people, who defend? will they not deale  
Worst with his followers then with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n  
Hce to his own a Comforter will send,  
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith  
Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write,  
To guide them in all truth, and also arme  
With spiritual Armour, able to resist  
*Satan's* assaults, and quench his fierie darts,  
What man cando against them, not afraid,

Though

Though to the death, against such cruelties  
 With inward consolations recompenc't,  
 And oft supported so as shall amaze  
 Their proudest persecuters: for the Spirit  
 Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
 To evangelize the Nations, then on all  
 Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue  
 To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,  
 As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win  
 Great numbers of each Nation to receive  
 With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n; at length  
 Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,  
 Thir doctrine and thir story written left,  
 They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,  
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,  
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n  
 To thir own vile advantages shall turne  
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
 With superstitions and traditions taint,  
 Lest onely in those written Records pure,  
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
 Places and titles, and with these to joine  
 Secular power, though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n  
 To all Believers; and from that pretense,  
 Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force  
 On every conscience; Laws which none shall finde  
 Lest them inrould, or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
 But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde  
 His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild

His

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His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,  
 Thir own Faith not anothers : for on Earth  
 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard  
 Infalible ? yet many will presume :  
 Whence heavie persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of Spirit and Truth ; the rest, farr greater part,  
 Well deem in outward Rites and specious formes  
 Religion satisfi'd ; Truth shall retire  
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith  
 Rarely be found : so shall the World goe on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benigne,  
 Under her own waight groaning till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just,  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid  
 The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
 Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
*Satan* with his perverted World, then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date  
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love  
 To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended ; and thus *Adam* last reply'd.  
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
 Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,  
 Till time stand fixt : beyond is all abyss,  
 Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.  
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
 Of knowledge, what this Vessel can containe ;

Beyond



Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best;  
And love with fear the onely God, to walk  
As in his presence, ever to observe  
His providence, and on him sole depend,  
Mercifull over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak  
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake  
Is fortitude to highest victorie,  
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;  
Taught this by his example whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd :  
This having learnt, thou hast attaind the summe  
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs  
Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,  
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,  
Or works of God in Heav'n, Aire, Earth, or Sea;  
And all the riches of this World enjoydst,  
And all the rule, one Empire; onely add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,  
Add vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,  
By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul  
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A paradise within thee, happier farr.  
Let us descend now therefore from this top  
Of Speculation; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,  
By mee encamp't on yonder Hill, expect  
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,

In

In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;  
 We may no longer stay : go, waken *Eve* ;  
 Her also I with gentle Dreams have calmd  
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd  
 To meek submission : thou at season fit  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
 Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,  
 The great deliverance by her Seed to come  
 ( For by the Womans Seed ) on all Mankind.  
 That ye may live, which will be many dayes,  
 Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
 With meditation on the happie end.

He ended, and they both descend the Hill ;  
 Descended, *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*  
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't ;  
 And thus with words not sad she him receav'd.

Whence thou returnst, and whither wentst, I know ;  
 For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,  
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
 Prefaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress  
 Wearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ;  
 In mee is no delay ; with thee to goe,  
 Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to mee  
 Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence ; though all by mee is lost,  
 Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,  
 By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard  
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh

Th' Arch-

Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill  
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array  
The Cherubim descend'd; on the ground  
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist  
Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel  
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc'd,  
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd  
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,  
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat,  
In either hand the hastning Angel caught  
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate  
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast  
To the subjected Plaine; then disappear'd.  
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,  
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate  
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes:  
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;  
The World was all before them, where to choose  
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:  
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,  
Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way.

THE END.